

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 23, 1962



FOLK SINGER
JOAN BAEZ

VOL LXXX NO. 21

1962 U.S. PAT. 3,007,113



GO '63 CORVAIR MONZA

Mated to the road like it's married to it. We did add self-adjusting brakes and a few styling refinements to the '63 Corvair Monza, but essentially the experience of driving one is more emotional than mechanical. Put one through some twisting turns and you'll most likely be convinced of that. Its rear-engine traction is a thing to behold. It hugs the road like it's in love with it, steers precisely, responds swiftly to finger or foot. In fact, there just isn't another production car made in this country to

compare with it. One reason is its air-cooled rear engine; it doesn't use water and it never needs antifreeze. Another is its virtually flat floor. Luggage, of course, goes under the front hood. And while the '63 Corvair is very much a family car, it has a rather compulsive desire to run with the sports car set. Why not prove it to yourself? ... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Above, '63 Corvair Monza Convertible with optional extra-cost Spyder equipment and knock-off wire wheels; below, '63 Corvair Monza Coupe with sporty bucket seats.



Of course, you don't have to take a '63 Corvair on maneuvers in the country to enjoy it. It's just as much at home in rush-hour traffic, loaded up with school kids or gro-

ceries, or easing you gently into parking places you once had to pass up. You'll get a solid kick out of its six-cylinder engine and the admiring glances it gets, too.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Gypsy. In this strip-teaser of a show adapted from the Broadway musical abstracted from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, Rosalind Russell is marvelous as a stage mother whose daughter can't act, but is pretty good at take-offs.

Period of Adjustment. Jim Hutton and Jane Fonda are fun in this sappy screen version of Tennessee Williams' "serious comedy" of postmarital relations.

Il Grido. A mournful little movie, made in 1957, in which Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni first fumbles with the material he later handled so powerfully in *L'Avventura*.

Billy Budd. Herman Melville's didactic tale has been transformed into a vivid, frightening, deeply affecting film, and for this the credit belongs principally to Britain's Peter Ustinov, who directed the picture, helped write the script, and plays one of the leading roles.

The Manchurian Candidate. In this self-consciously "different" movie about a posthypnotic political assassination, Laurence Harvey's brains are washed, tumbled and dyed red in a Chinese P.W. camp, and he ends up stalking a U.S. presidential candidate with murderous intent.

Phaedra. Melina Mercouri purrs, snarls and shrieks in this modern-day version of an old Greek myth. Raf Vallone, as her ship-tycoon husband, is healthily Hellenic in a role with obvious overtones of Oedipus. Only Tony Perkins seems somewhat less than believable as Vallone's stepson.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Director Sidney Lumet and a generally effective cast (Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr., Dean Stockwell) have translated the trust and the greatest of Eugene O'Neill's plays into one of the year's finest films.

Divorce—Italian Style. This wickedly hilarious lesson in how to break up a marriage in divorcee Italy stars Marcello Mastroianni as a Sicilian smoothie who sheds his unwanted wife in the only way the law seems to allow: he provides her with a lover, catches them together, shoots her dead. But then...

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 21

N.Y. Philharmonic Young People's Concert (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* "The Sound of a Hall," conducted and narrated by Leonard Bernstein, explores the general relationship of acoustics to music and the particular sound of Lincoln Center's new Philharmonic Hall.

Thurs., Nov. 22

Thanksgiving Parade (CBS and NBC, 10 a.m.-noon). A cornucopia of coast-to-coast celebrations with bands, baton twirlers, floats and all.

Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Poet Carl Sandburg reads from his "Remembrance Rock." John Raitt, Martha Wright, Mahalia Jackson and the West Point Glee Club sing. Color.

Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Carol

* All times E.S.T.

Lynley and Anthony George co-star in "Whatever Happened to Miss Illinois?" the story of a beauty-contest runner-up who like the up but not the running.

Fri., Nov. 23

Jack Paar (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Also starring: the newly elected Senator and Mrs. Ted Kennedy, Singer Genevieve Coler.

Sat., Nov. 24

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). The new educational children's program looks at an underwater ballet, a puppet film produced by Designer Charles Eames, and a Czechoslovakian movie in which all objects are glass. Color.

Sun., Nov. 25

Issues and Answers (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz analyzes the state and future of the U.S. economy.

Art Carney Meets Peter and the Wolf (ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The third re-run of the award-winning original, well worth still another look.

Walt Disney (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The second of a two-part dramatization of Ludwig van Beethoven's life and music. Color.

As Caesar Sees It (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Sid Spiro's lawyer shows, police shows, quiz shows, westerns and panel shows, but not his own.

Mon., Nov. 26

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Documentary on upper-class life in Peru. Color.

Tues., Nov. 27

Close-up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Howard K. Smith narrates "India: The Troubled Giant," a documentary examination of the current border war and its effects on the country's politics and people.

THEATER

On Broadway

Beyond the Fringe. Four high-IQ British imps skewer clichés and milk sacred cows for irreverent merriment. The chief scholar-clown, Dr. Jonathan Miller, is a droll, gravity-defying play for whom a new vocabulary of humor will have to be invented.

Tchin-Tchin is a strange and oddly affecting play in which an Italo-American contractor and a proper Englishwoman are thrown into each other's company because their respective spouses are having an affair. Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn touch the playgoer's nerve ends, crazybones, and heart strings with deceptive ease and authority.

Mr. President, with Robert Ryan in the title role and Nanette Fabray as First Lady, is a taste-exempt musical that is bulging with more than \$2,600,000 in advance-ticket-sale swag. The patrons of its 385 theater parties (largely benefit affairs) may redefine playgoeing for charity as "painful giving."

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, is an annihilating war of love-hated fought between a middle-aged history professor and his wife, in which a younger guest couple are also savaged.

Arthur Hill, as the professor, raises acting to the level of genius, and Uta Hagen, as his wife, is a virtuoso Medusa.

The Affair makes a sleepy British university common room crackle with the charges and countercharges of a courtroom trial. Adapted from the novel by C. P. Snow, this drama is concerned with justice for a man whose personality is revolting, and whose politics are scarcely less so.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Tale for the Mirror, by Hortense Calisher. Masterful anecdotes of human hope, and foibles for our time, set in exurbian-Hudson, written by a subtle and stylish mistress of the short story.

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir. The quirky character of the great impressionist painter, fondly reported by his gifted son, makes this one of the best biographies of the year.

A Dancer in Darkness, by David Staction. Seventeenth century Playwright John Webster's ill-fated heroine, the duchess of Malfi, is chivalrously done in, this time in silky, horrifying prose.

Black Cargoes, by Daniel Mannix. The breathtakingly brutal history of how some 15 million Africans were transported to the New World—the more telling because quietly told.

The Letters of Oscar Wilde, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. This first complete, unexpurgated collection of letters reveals Wilde as someone far more profound than the talented po of his own caricature.

Chekhov, by Ernest J. Simmons. A classic scholarly biography.

The Vizier's Elephant and Devil's Yard, by Ivor Andric. In four short novels a Yugoslav Nobel prizewinner treats with some new and old varieties of human tyranny.

Say Nothing, by James Hanley. An accomplished English novelist's brittle, savage account of the guilt-edged insecurity of three lives.

The Kindly Ones, by Anthony Powell. Further fascinating pages from the author's already fat but never fatuous notebook of English upper-class doings between the wars.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *A Shade of Difference*, Droll (1, last week)
2. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (3)
4. *Where Love Has Gone*, Robbins (7)
5. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (6)
6. *Fail-Safe*, Burdick and Wheeler (4)
7. *The Prize*, Wallace (5)
8. *The Thin Red Line*, Jones (8)
9. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (9)
10. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (2)
2. *Silent Spring*, Carson (1)
3. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (3)
4. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (4)
5. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (5)
6. *The Blue Nile*, Moorehead (7)
7. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (6)
8. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns
9. *Letters From the Earth*, Twaen (9)
10. *Who's in Charge Here?*, Gardner (8)

Volume LXXX
Number 21

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New York Philharmonic
Leonard Bernstein, Cond.

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Orchestra

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CASARETUS - SZELL

154



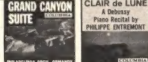
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Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy

109



WAGNER:
"THE MEISTERSINGER"
The "MEISTERSINGER"
Rehearsal and First Night
from "Meistersinger"

137



TCHAIKOVSKY
Piano Concerto No. 1
BYRON JANIS
LONDON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

158



RAVEL: BOLERO
Alfonso del Granada
La Tumbadora
Cecilia Ochoa
PULA
ORCHESTRA

110



Rhapsody in Blue
An American in Paris
Leonard Bernstein
plays
Gershwin

95



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and 6 ("UNFINISHED")
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

114



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103



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104



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"ITALIAN"
CONCERTO
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123



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THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

155



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162



BERLIOZ
Symphonie
Fantastique
ORMANDY
The Philadelphia Orchestra

161



TCHAIKOVSKY
THE SLEEPING
BEAUTY
Ballet Suite
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY
CONDUCTOR

115



FINLANDIA
REINOLDA HILTON
MORRIS TATNALL
CONDUCTOR
New York Philharmonic
Orchestra

102



COPLAND
BILLY THE KID
RODEO
BERNSTEIN
New York Philharmonic
Orchestra

112



SERKIN
BRUCHES
Piano
Concerto
No. 2
Philadelphia
Orchestra
Ormandy

111



SONGS OF THE
NORTH & SOUTH
1951
Cleveland Orch.
Sells

112



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BARTOK
VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



TCHAIKOVSKY:
1812 Overture
Capriccio Horn
ANTAL DORATI
Minneapolis Symphony

92



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VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



LISZT
PIANO
CONCERTOS
No. 1 and 2
PHILIPPE ENTENMENT, piano
Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy

101



MENUHIN
BARTOK
VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



WAGNER:
"THE MEISTERSINGER"
The "MEISTERSINGER"
Rehearsal and First Night
from "Meistersinger"

137



MENUHIN
BARTOK
VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



CHOPIN:
The 14
Waltzes
Brailowsky

97



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VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



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LONDON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
PULITZER
with soloists

152



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CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



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PULITZER
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152



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VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



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ORCHESTRA
PULITZER
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152



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BARTOK
VIOLIN
CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



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ORCHESTRA
PULITZER
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152



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CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony

105



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CONCERTO
Dorati
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105



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93-94* 192-193*

ALSO: 100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-62

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After the Polls

Sir: Kennedy for President in '64. Of course I mean Teddy. With more youth and looks than Jack—and a prettier wife than Jackie—and just as much money—what more could you want?

(MRS.) LOIS CRAYTON

Buffalo

Sir: Rockefeller's improved position within the Republican Party can only be ascribed to Nixon's defeat.

CARL B. WEISBROD ('65)

Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

What a tragedy that the capable political career of Richard Nixon must now come to an end. Mr. Nixon would have brought greatness to the governorship of California—and it would have given us another chance to vote him into the presidency of the U.S. This man has more patriotism, more devotion to his fellow Americans, per square inch, than most of us have to our own egos.

(MRS.) SUSAN CAMPBELL JELINEK
La Grange Park, Ill.

Sir:

There has always been something vicious about the methods of the press as far as Nixon is concerned. Can you imagine the press reaction if he had cheated at Harvard?

THOMAS R. FAWCETT

Marblehead, Mass.

Sir:

Here is one more Republican happy to see Brown in office.

I am convinced that Nixon cannot make a statement admitting a fault or defeat without a pack of excuses. We Californians don't want a crybaby in public office.

ANNETTE CROFT

Daggett, Calif.

Sir:

Your article on George W. Romney [Nov. 16] was an invitation to write.

First, he is far above politics in the usual sense, a gentleman of integrity and Christian ideals, yet with business acumen.

These are rare essentials these days and badly needed in Washington.

We shall be fortunate indeed if he becomes our next President, for he is a man who would steer this nation back to its proper place and would bring back the cherished principles on which it was founded.

F. J. WORRELL

Brooklyn

Sir:

You left many things unsaid about Romney. You did not mention that the Democratic Party won every other state position. Even the two staunch Republican papers in Detroit agreed that it was a "protest" victory, because Governor Swainson had the courage to veto the Bowman bill, thus forcing suburbanites to pay city taxes in Detroit.

The last election proved that the Republican Party in Michigan is dead. The next two years will prove that St. George, the Anointed One, is the biggest pony in American politics.

RAMON LAVALLE

Detroit

Sir:

With all the space you've given to Massachusetts politics, you might have mentioned

that we did elect Ed Brooke attorney general. This Negro Republican is a man to keep your eye on. He just might wind up being the first Negro governor anywhere.

HARDY L. NATHAN

Northampton, Mass.

Sir:

We know at least one comforting fact about our new Governor-elect, "Chub" Peabody. He can certainly play football!

MRS. WILLIAM F. TRASK

West Boylston, Mass.

India Fights the Dragon

Sir:

India's predicament today is not so much the fault of Menon as it is Nehru's.

As unfortunate as it is, I am glad India was invaded. This, I hope, will put an end to the fence-sitting that in the present context of world affairs is national cowardice.

I only trust that Nehru has learned his lesson well enough not to be appeased with anything short of complete recovery of all Indian territory.

J. B. SERAJIT-SINGH

Kingston, Jamaica

Sir:

Mr. Nehru's stand on nonalignment is not merely a matter of philosophical sophistication. It is part of a deliberate and practical policy to avoid a global war.

While we will gratefully accept the aid given to us by our friends, we will not do it at the cost of mortgaging our peacefully won freedom. We refuse to be a party to the Kennedy-Khrushchev game of checkers.

JEROO B. ICHAPORIA

Bombay

Sir:

It gave me a feeling of confidence when I saw last Saturday, in the lobby of a Calcutta hotel, a group of American airmen who had just arrived with the first contingent of American military aid to India.

We here in India have realized, unfortunately a trifle late, who our friends really are.

MALCOLM H. SOOKIAS

Calcutta

Khrush

Sir:

Who says nobody is qualified to receive the Nobel Prize for Peace for this year? After his retreat from Cuba, Khrushchev certainly deserves it, and if given to him, he might even start living up to his new reputation.

H. NASER

Purdue University

Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

Every American family should frame the cover picture of Premier Khrushchev [Nov. 9] with his insidious grin. It should be hung in a prominent place to remind us constantly of the threat of Communism and what it could do to this country.

SHIRLEY SUTTON

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Mr. Khrushchev's eleventh appearance on your cover impresses me. How many times did Hitler score?

D. CLIFTON CANFIELD

Rossford, Ohio

► Six.—Ed.

Baptist Feud

Sir:

Thanks for your clear reporting of Professor Ralph Elliott's dismissal from Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary [Nov. 9].

Redneck radicals are more vocal, more vicious in the Southern Baptist Convention than are the moderate majority.

I know I speak for many thousands when I say that the incident at Midwestern Seminary has set us back 50 years and has made meaningless the Baptist principle of the right of every individual to private judgment in religious matters without coercion from any source.

(THE REV.) JACK GLEASON

Southside Baptist Chapel
Brunswick, Ga.

Sir:

Thank you for reporting the un-Christian action taken against one of today's most Christian men, Dr. Ralph Elliott.

JOYCE J. BANDY

Director

Baptist Student Union

Radford, Va.

Sir:

Being a member of the board of trustees of Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, I read with interest your report "Baptist Split." Under the picture of Dr. Elliott, there is the statement "A professor needs somewhere to stand." May I suggest a place? He might try standing firmly upon Christ, "the sure Foundation," and the Holy Bible.

(THE REV.) W. ROSS EDWARDS

Swope Park Baptist Church

Kansas City, Mo.

Kinship

Sir:

Whether or not Catherine de' Medici was a pupil of Machiavelli's (she was only eight when he died), he would hardly have advised

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her to marry her own son, Francis II of France [Nov. 16].

As TIME knows only too well, her husband was Henri II of France, and Francis II was married to the young Mary, Queen of Scots.

(MRS.) FRANK S. GROENHOFF
Miami Beach, Fla.

Eleanor

Sir: Permit me to say that your story "She Was Eleanor" in the Nov. 16 issue of TIME was one of the finest eulogies the magazine has carried in some time.

ALLAN E. BOVEY

Marion, Ohio

Sir:

A true queen.

W. F. GLEESON JR.

Brooklyn

Sir:

Mrs. Roosevelt truly grew more beautiful as she grew older—an example on the positive side of what John Mason Brown is credited with saying: "As women grow older, there is written on their faces, beyond assistance from all artifice, not only what life has brought to them but what they have brought to life."

MRS. HARRY S. MYERS JR.

Covina, Calif.

Stand Up for Stanford

Sir:

As director of the newly established Stanford Center for Chinese Studies in Taipei, one of the branch campuses of Stanford University mentioned Nov. 9, may I say that the intensive 20-class-hours-per-week training in the speaking, reading and writing of Chinese, supplemented by additional hours in language lab and many hours of preparation, is hardly to be described as "untaxing" or "lame." The students' reaction to your description, written in on a copy of the article posted on our bulletin board, was "Ha!"

ALBERT E. DIEN

Taipei, Formosa

B.V.D.

Sir:

The most intriguing part of the B.V.D. Co. story [Nov. 9] was deleted. What happens to the left-over lint that B.V.D. sells?

SARA JANE CORMIER

Aurora, N.Y.

► It is used to stuff toy animals.—En.

Sir:

I have always worn B.V.D.s and they are a byword around our house. We named our first child Billy. Then Vicki came along. When the third child was born, my wife and I agreed that the name must start with the letter D. So we picked David.

WILLIAM P. STERNE

Tulsa, Okla.

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COVER WRITER McPHEE

AFTER several weeks of cover stories on politics and international crises, we shift key, clear our throats, and sing out this week on the prevalence and proliferation of folk singing in the land.

It is an agreeably entertaining subject—except, of course, to the participants. If all the world is divided into those who can't live without folk singing and those who can, the inside world of the folk-singing cult itself is further divided into the purists and the entertainers. Somewhere in the center of all the fuss, and appealing to both sides, is Joan Baez, our cover girl.

Contributing Editor John McPhee, who wrote the story, was able to approach it with the detachment of a Princeton man who got through college before the whole twanging subject loomed so large. He cared more about sports. His father, an M.D. on the Princeton University faculty, is physician to the U.S. Olympics teams. At Princeton, McPhee himself roomed with "the greatest football player" in the U.S. that year, Dick Kazmaier, and when TIME put Kazmaier on the cover in 1951, McPhee, as one of his roommates, was subjected to the kind of TIME interviewing he has later inflicted on a succession of show-business celebrities. Later, in a postgraduate year at Magdalene College, Cambridge University, England, McPhee was elected captain of the university basketball team—one place in the world, apparently, where a man can be 5 ft. 7 in. and still make the team.

A bright-faced and quick-tongued fellow, McPhee earned his way through college as the "teen-age student" member of the *Twenty Questions* radio and television program, and was the world's oldest living teen-ager when at

22 he gave up dividing the world into animal, mineral and vegetable for profit.

In training for this week's cover, he put on stereo earphones ("so that only I would be driven crazy") and listened to so many folk-singing LP albums that "my ears literally have calluses," and he hopes the twanging sound in his head will soon go away.

McPhee, who lives in Princeton with his wife Pryde and three daughters, is the author of *TIME* covers on Sophia Loren, Jackie Gleason, Jean Kerr, Lerner and Loewe, and Mort Sahl. He wound up liking all his subjects, even if his style has acid as well as adulation in it. He certainly likes his beat: "I have so much fun I sometimes feel guilty."

KONRAD ADENAUER, who visited the U.S. last week, bothers to list only two foreign "decorations" in the latest German *Wer Ist Wer* (*Who's Who*). They are "Knight and Grand Cross of British Order of St. Michael and St. George (title of nobility 'Sir,' 1957), chosen Man of the Year by the American newsmagazine *TIME*, 1953."

INDEX

	Cover Story.....	54		
Art.....	Milestones.....	72	Science.....	53
Books.....	Modern Living.....	40	Show Business.....	54
Cinema.....	The Nation.....	9	Sport.....	37
Education.....	People.....	26	Time Listings.....	2
The Hemisphere.....	Press.....	68	U.S. Business.....	75
Letters.....	Religion.....	65	The World.....	16
Medicine.....			World Business.....	80

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. XXX No. 21 November 23, 1962

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Back to a Boil?

The Cuba crisis stayed at the top of the world's agenda. Restless and annoyed after days of Russian doubletalk and Castro bombast, President Kennedy held a long meeting with the National Security Council, called the Joint Chiefs of Staff into session. Messages sped back and forth between Washington and Moscow—but outside the innermost circles of the U.S. and Soviet governments, no one knew what John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev were saying, and perhaps promising, to each other.

Had the nation given up the cold war initiative seized so recently? Was a Communist doublecross in the making? Washington "guidance" veered between optimism and pessimism, but the picture that emerged was one that hardly indicated a quick settlement on terms that the U.S. could accept.

In the Caves. After two weeks of palaver with Castro, Russia's Anastas Mikoyan kept delaying his departure; the world could have no notion about what mischief the two might have cooked up, but in his infrequent public pronouncements, Mikoyan echoed only the intransigent Castro line. The U.S. naval blockade of Cuba continued, but it seemed mostly a matter of form; so far, the U.S. has passed 48 of the 49 foreign ships that entered the blockade area on Cuba without boarding. Government spokesmen said they were satisfied that Russia's "offensive" missiles have indeed been removed from Cuba. But from the very beginning the U.S. had insisted that the fact of removal could not be determined without on-site inspection—which Castro was still refusing to authorize.

For that matter, some U.S. officials were now admitting that some missiles were indeed being hidden in Cuba's caves—but these, they said, were "defensive" rockets with ranges of only 25 miles. Yet the Miami News, which has a remarkably high record for accuracy in reporting developments within Cuba, said flatly that the White House had "hard" intelligence of cave-stored missiles that could carry nuclear destruction to U.S. cities.

Aside from missiles, the U.S. still considers the continuing presence of at least 70 Soviet Il-28 ("Beagles") bombers in Cuba a distinct offensive threat, and President Kennedy told the Russians last week that their removal is a matter of

extreme urgency. Most of the Il-28s are still in crates, but about 30 are in various stages of unpacking and assembly. Though they are obsolescent planes by U.S. standards, the "Beagles" have a nuclear capability and a range of 1,500 miles. In any attack on the U.S., they could be used as a manned one-way kamikaze system to strike at U.S. cities, freeing Soviet ICBMs to zero in on other U.S. targets. Moreover, they could also raise all sorts of hell south of the border.

Sole U.S. Death. There were plenty of other signs that the Soviet Union is playing with fire in Cuba. The Soviets are maintaining a significant military presence in Cuba, and the 9,000 or so Russian "technicians" are still there. Last week there were also indications, leaked by Polish Communist sources, that the Chinese have moved into Cuba in force, are manning antiaircraft batteries, and may have been responsible for the only American death so far in the Cuban crisis—that of Major Rudolph Anderson Jr., 35, who was shot down in a U-2 over Cuba.

The Communists are making a determined effort to disperse MIGs around Cuba in small groups in what appears to be a plan to conceal their numbers. Vast amounts of equipment sent into Cuba to protect the missile sites, such as tanks, are still there; so is a lot of rocket equipment, including missile erectors. Furthermore, the U.S. is concerned over "trawler

bases" being built in Cuba, warned last week that it intends to keep a close eye on them after reconnaissance photos showed that they can accommodate submarines and patrol torpedo boats.

Arrogant Tirade. As if all this were not enough, Castro picked last week to launch an arrogant tirade against the U.S. In a defiant letter to Acting U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, he rashly threatened to shoot down U.S. reconnaissance planes that have been keeping a daily watch on Cuba, fiercely attacked the U.S. for "typically Hitlerite methods," and restated his refusal to allow any "national or international" group to inspect Cuban territory.

Castro's threats came close to being the last straw. The U.S. Government announced that not only would it continue its aerial reconnaissance flights until it had proof that a military buildup had stopped, but that it would defend the flights if necessary. If Castro shoots down a U.S. aircraft, the U.S. is prepared to 1) bomb certain Cuban antiaircraft installations already targeted for U.S. air strikes, and 2) bomb the Il-28s now crated or semi-assembled at San Julián airfield in western Cuba.

There could be little argument about the renewed explosiveness of the Cuban crisis. Meeting in Washington to talk over its significance, West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and President



CASTRO AT ANTI-AIRCRAFT EMPLACEMENT
A world no wiser, but more worried.

Kennedy, who often do not see eye to eye, firmly agreed on one thing: until the Cuban crisis is removed, the solution of other international problems, in Berlin and elsewhere, would simply have to wait.

Ready for Ruben

At the height of the Cuban crisis recently, a truck driven by a U.S. marine went out of control on a steep hill at the Guantánamo naval base. The speeding truck hurtled down the hill, smashed through the steel Cyclone fence separating the base from the rest of Cuba, and rolled into Castroland. Red militiamen moved fast—the other way. The marine backed his truck home, but it was a long five minutes before the first Cuban, reassured that this was not the "imperialist invasion," returned to his post.

The once arrogant—or at least voluble—Castro soldiers ringing the base are not so cocky any more. In a month Guantánamo has been transformed from a post guarded by a thin contingent of marines

main line of resistance and the fence was seeded with thousands of mines. Heavy 62-ton tanks were brought into position; so were antitank vehicles the marines call "The Thing"; each packs six 106-mm. recoilless rifles. Said Marine Corps Commandant General David M. Shoup, after flying in last week for a look at the defenses: "I think I'd rather be on this side of the fence than that side."

FOREIGN AID

The Most Thankless Job

Reports had been circulating for weeks that Fowler Hamilton, head of the Agency for International Development, was on his way out as the U.S.'s foreign aid chief. But Hamilton did not credit the rumors, and it was with some confidence that he sat in President Kennedy's office early this month, reviewed his foreign aid plans for fiscal 1964, and suggested that if a change of management was wanted, now was the time to make it. Kennedy listened

AID bureaucrat said recently. AID staffers are painfully aware that the public and Congress are tired of foreign aid and put up with it mostly because Presidents keep insisting that it is necessary.

But the grittiest difficulties of a foreign aid chief lie in dealing with the aided countries themselves. When the U.S. started handing out economic aid to underdeveloped countries in the early 1950s, it seemed reasonable to hope that relatively small infusions of aid would lead to great strides of economic development. Just as Marshall Plan aid was splendidly effective in helping to restore the war-battered economies of Western Europe. But economic development presupposes skills, motivations, ethical standards and discipline that are lacking in most underdeveloped countries. Accordingly, the results of economic aid have fallen far short of the early expectations.

"Bums & Beggars." Within the Kennedy Administration, a process of rethinking the ends and means of foreign aid is



FOWLER HAMILTON



A SOVIET-PAVED STREET IN KABUL

The big dam was a deficit.



HANS MORGENTHAU

into a front-line fort manned by thousands of combat-ready troops facing the 10,000 militiamen Castro has outside. It is not a particularly pleasant duty. The shrapnel-proof vests the marines wear are hot; they call Cuba's tiny, biting insects "flying teeth," and they already have a marine nickname for the militiamen opposite—"Ruben the Cuban." The marines have no special animosity toward Castro's troops, but they are honed to such a fighting pitch that, as Corporal Jerome Golden, 22, says flatly: "There's not a man here who doesn't want to go over that fence."

The reinforcement of Guantánamo started on Sunday, Oct. 21, the day before President Kennedy's TV speech announcing the Soviet missiles in Cuba. Before dawn, waves of big Boeing C-135 jet transports started slamming down on Guantánamo's Carter Airfield. Each plane carried 135 fully equipped marines, among them platoons of "force reconnaissance" marines with a very special job: to scout out the size and type of enemy forces. Within 5½ hours, the airlift was completed.

The marines cleared a field of fire along the fence, built pillboxes every 40 or 50 ft. on the hillsides. The strip between the

stonily, said only: "Well, I'll think it over."

As of that instant, Lawyer Hamilton knew that the rumors were right. When he took the job a little more than a year ago, he said that he would remain only "as long as the client is satisfied." Now it was obvious that the client was dissatisfied. And a few days after the confrontation came the inevitable announcement: the President had accepted Hamilton's resignation. Likeliest successor: David E. Bell, 43, sometime Harvard economist, currently director of the Bureau of the Budget.

Great Expectations. Hamilton had worked hard—and fruitlessly—at tidying up the administrative mess that has long persisted in the agency. He lost face on the New Frontier when Congress slashed the President's \$5 billion foreign aid request to \$3.9 billion. Hamilton emerged frustrated—but in that he was in complete company with his predecessors in what has become known as "the most thankless job in Washington."

The foreign aid agencies have undergone many changes of name, structure and purpose over the last 15 years—with calamitous effects on administrative efficiency and morale. "Things are so confused I don't know who to be nice to," an

under way. The inevitable New Frontier "task force" has been appointed, and among its basic texts is a tough-minded article by the University of Chicago's Professor Hans Morgenthau in the June issue of the *American Political Science Review*.

Morgenthau takes a scholarly scalpel to the concept of economic development aid. It has, he says, "a very much smaller range of potentially successful operation than is generally believed." Many underdeveloped countries "suffer from deficiencies, some natural and insuperable, others social and remediable, which no amount of capital and technological knowledge supplied from the outside can cure." There are "bum and beggar nations" that, unless a "miraculous transformation" of character takes place, cannot or will not use foreign aid for genuine economic development.

Here & Now. In some underdeveloped countries, the people and the rulers care little or nothing about long-range economic development. What they want is highly visible, here-and-now projects that provide an appearance of modernity and progress. The classic example, cited by Morgenthau and much quoted within the Kennedy Administration, is Afghanistan's request a few years ago that the U.S. pave

the streets in Kabul, U.S. aidmen declined on the ground that the paving would not really contribute to the country's economic development. Instead, the U.S. built the Afghans a costly but little appreciated hydroelectric dam. So who paved the streets in Kabul? The Russians. And in political terms, they got a lot more credit than the U.S. for a lot less money.

What Morgenthau proposes, and what the Administration is considering, is that the U.S. set aside illusions about the potentialities of economic development and realistically re-examine foreign aid in terms of the U.S. purposes the aid is supposed to serve. "The problem of foreign aid is insoluble if it is considered as a self-sufficient technical enterprise of a primarily economic nature. It is soluble only if it is considered an integral part of the political policies of the giving country."

Foreign aid, he says, can serve valid purposes other than economic development, such as supporting pro-Western governments, winning good will or even bribing governments to do something the U.S. wants. Whatever the particular purpose, the aid should be tailored to fit it. Where the receiving country is really capable of economic development, and where the leaders really want it, it may make sense to build dams and other massive projects in the backlands. But in many underdeveloped countries argues Morgenthau, the U.S. might serve its own ends better by paving streets.

FOREIGN TRADE

Man for the Job

The job calls for a man skilled in negotiation, experienced in all of the subtleties of U.S. foreign policy—knowledgeable about the world's economy and acquainted with the technicalities of tariff-law "escape clauses. I defy the Administration to find anyone of sufficient prestige who knows the subject," declared an old Government hand some weeks ago. As it turned out, the man who made that statement was the one who last week got the job: former Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, 67, named by President Kennedy to become Special Representative for Trade Negotiations.

The post was created only last October, when Congress finally passed the liberalized foreign trade law, which is the Kennedy Administration's most notable legislative achievement to date. In naming Republican Herter, President Kennedy said that he would "be accorded a central role in the formulation of trade policy." Herter will be top U.S. negotiator at international trade conferences, handle day-by-day tariff matters, head a Cabinet-level organization of foreign trade advisers to the President, and will be expected to look out for the welfare of U.S. business even as the U.S. lowers its tariffs so as to compete with Europe's burgeoning Common Market.

The position is one of vast opportunity. It is also, as Herter himself said, one of great difficulty.



DOUGLAS DILLON
While the debt goes up...

THE ECONOMY

Damn the Deficit

When President Kennedy announced back in January that he expected a modest budget surplus of about \$800 million in 1962-63, the few faint cheers were drowned out by a storm of skepticism. The President's expectations were based on more ifs than Rudyard Kipling had in his famous poem: if the economy improved its pace if Government spending did not rise, if Congress enacted higher postal rates when the Administration wanted them, if the farm bill was passed and had a chance to cut costs. It was if, if—and hardly any of the ifs turned out. As a result, the Bureau of the Budget last



WALTER HELLER
...taxes might go down,

week announced that the U.S. will run up a 1962-63 deficit of \$7.8 billion—and maybe more. It will be the nation's third consecutive deficit, and the second biggest in peacetime history—next only to Eisenhower's \$12.4 billion deficit in 1950.

Not Alone. The Government spent \$1.2 billion more than it expected to—on such matters as U.N. bonds, the Cuban crisis and a speedup in the public works program. But that sum would hardly have been noticed if other expectations had worked out. The Government lost \$4.1 billion in corporate taxes that it had counted on, about \$1.8 billion in individual income taxes, and some \$800 million in capital gains taxes, held down by the sagging stock market.

Those losses alone were far more than enough to account for the deficit—but they were not alone. The Government's 1962 tax bill to give greater investment credit to industry wound up costing \$1 billion more than expected because Congress failed to pass revenue measures to offset it. The revision of depreciation allowances is now reckoned to cost the Treasury another \$1 billion in 1962-63. Congress also failed to enact the higher postal rates on which the Administration counted to garner about \$500 million in revenue, and its repudiation of the farm program meant bigger Government outlays for supports than anticipated. Result: while the Government will spend \$93.7 billion, its receipts are estimated at only \$85.9 billion.

"Inevitable" Rise. Hardly had the new budget news been announced than the Administration started talking about tax-cut goodies to be handed out in 1963. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, called for a tax reduction of \$1 billion, including a 10% cut in corporation taxes but with the bulk of the cut going to individuals. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon followed up with the prediction of a "significant" cut in taxes, adding that since tax concessions already have been given to corporations, "by far the major part of the new cuts should take place in individual tax rates."

Even former President Eisenhower, who opposed cutting taxes to stimulate a declining economy while he was in the White House, came out for an overall slash—but added as a condition that it should be accompanied by hold-fast orders on federal spending for the next two years. As it is, some powerful members of Congress, including Senators Harry Byrd and Robert Kerr, insist that a cut in Government spending must accompany any tax cut. That means that Kennedy's push for a tax cut coming on top of a big deficit, is in for a hot debate in Congress. For one thing, a tax cut might add to the 1962-63 deficit before the slash really began to do its work. For another, Secretary Dillon firmly ruled out any cut in Government spending. Because of the cold war and space and defense expenditures, he said, a rise in federal expenditures is "inevitable."

There is, in fact, a strong argument for

a tax cut as a way to spur the economy, which has not managed to get moving again under the Kennedy Administration. But in view of the deficit figures, the grandiose tax-cut figures being tossed around last week seemed unrealistic.

THE PRESIDENCY

Money Talk

Jack Kennedy's financial status has always been kept pretty much a closed bankbook. But last week the public got at least a peek into the President's purse—and it appeared pretty full. Working on information provided him by the Kennedy family and making some educated guesses, Washington Correspondent Fletcher Knebel wrote a seven-article series about the President's finances for the Des Moines Register and the Minneapolis Tribune. Knebel estimated Kennedy's worth at about \$10 million, thanks mostly to trust funds set up years ago by Joseph P. Kennedy for all his children. He revealed that Kennedy has never owned a credit card, rarely carries cash with him, and maintains separate checking accounts for himself and Jackie.

Most interesting of all was Knebel's discovery that Kennedy, ever since he became a Congressman, has been turning over all his Government salaries to charity. Though Knebel's financial profile did not say so, Kennedy received about \$400,000 in salary from 1947, when he entered Congress, to the pay period ending Oct. 21, 1962. Since his wealth already placed him in the 90% income-tax bracket, his taxes on that amount would have been \$360,000. Thus, presuming that Kennedy took tax deductions for his charities, his donations cost him \$40,000 out of pocket.

That pocket is constantly restocked. This year, the President's taxable income will probably reach well beyond the \$450,000 mark. Aside from his presidential salary of \$100,000 plus \$50,000 for expenses, he stands to receive at least \$250,000 from a \$1,000,000 trust fund, another \$160,000 or so from \$5,000,000 received on his 45th birthday this year and invested in municipal and federal bonds (only about a third of which is taxable), and additional income from his undisclosed book royalties, any other personal investments he has made, and any income his wife might receive.



OHIO'S BLISS
Organization is continuous.

POLITICS

Man Behind the Desk

Nowhere in the U.S. did Republicans score greater 1962 election successes than in Ohio: Republican Auditor James A. Rhodes walloped Democratic Governor Mike Di Salle by 555,000 votes, one of the largest gubernatorial majorities in the state's history; the G.O.P. also gained two seats in Congress, widened its margin in the lower house of the state legislature, won decisive control of the state senate. As always, the winning candidates posed for pictures and gave interviews. Yet almost all of them would readily have admitted that the man most responsible for the victory was State Chairman Ray Charles Bliss, 54, a "politician's politician" who avoids the limelight as though it were a death ray.

Nuts & Bolts Approach. Bliss's success can be measured by the contrast between November 1948 and November 1962. In 1948 Harry Truman carried Ohio, and the G.O.P. lost seven of the eight statewide offices that were at stake. With the party demoralized by defeat and torn by disension, G.O.P. leaders asked Bliss, longtime chairman in Summit County (Akron), to

take over as state chairman. Bliss was far from eager for the job: he had founded his own insurance agency only a few years before, and he wanted to retire from politics. He agreed to serve as chairman only after state party leaders promised to let him run things his own way.

His way is the practical, painstaking nuts-and-bolts approach that he had learned at the precinct, city and county levels. There are, he says, two kinds of state chairmen—the "road chairman," who goes around expounding his party's philosophy, and the "office chairman," who plans and executes practical programs of political action. Bliss is very much an office chairman. "I'm not going to waste my time making speeches," he says. "There's a million guys who can make a better speech than I can." He normally spends his working day, from 10 a.m. to about 11 a.m., seated in a red leather chair behind a big desk in the party headquarters in Columbus. At night, when the office is quiet, he pulls sheaves of public opinion surveys out of a desk drawer and pores over them, calculating percentages and searching for patterns and trends.

The key to election-day success, in the Bliss system, is a permanent party organization that keeps on working between elections. Issues come and go, elections are won and lost, but the organization, says Bliss, "must be a continuous thing." And the key to effective organization is getting a lot of people working enthusiastically at unglamorous precinct-level chores. One reason he avoids publicity, says Bliss, is that he does not want anybody to "get the idea that all I have to do is push a button and we've got the election won. Politics just doesn't work that way. Elections are won by thousands and thousands of people working together."

Costly Meddling. Upon taking over as state chairman, Bliss got a massive registration drive under way, traveled about the state instilling into local Republican groups his gospel of organized enthusiasm. Result: in 1950, despite an intense and well-financed drive by organized labor to defeat the architect of the Taft-Hartley Act, Senator Robert A. Taft won reelection by a smashing margin, and the G.O.P. gained four additional House seats.

Since 1950's dramatic reversal, Bliss and the Ohio G.O.P. have suffered only one important setback. In 1958 a group of politically myopic Ohio businessmen succeeded in getting a right-to-work referendum on the ballot despite Bliss's impassioned warnings that the move would prove to be political poison. Governor William O'Neill endorsed right-to-work and lost, along with Senator John Bricker and scores of other Republicans. Furious at the costly meddling by amateurs, Bliss called 135 leading Ohio Republicans to a meeting, gave them a three-hour lecture course in practical politics, and laid down an ultimatum: either leave political decisions up to the pros or find a new state chairman. When he finished, the audience broke into cheers. Firmly in charge Bliss began working toward 1960—when

THE CLIFFHANGING CONTESTS

Last week there were still six cliffhanging election contests in which re-counts were certain. The latest standings in the races for Governor in five states and for U.S. Senator in South Dakota:

State	Leading	Vote	Losing	Vote	Margin
Me.	Gov. John H. Reed (R.)	146,742	Edward C. Delfoff (D.)	146,121	621
Mass.	Endicott Peabody (D.)	1,051,653	John A. Volpe (R.)	1,048,562	3,091
Minn.	Lieut. Gov. Karl Rolvaag (D.)	619,707	Elmer L. Andersen (R.)	619,667	40*
R.I.	John H. Chafee (R.)	160,669	Gov. John A. Notte Jr. (D.)	160,568	101*
S. Dak.	George S. McGovern (D.)	128,758	Sen. Joe H. Bottum (R.)	128,534	224*
Vt.	Philip H. Hoff (D.)	61,309	Gov. F. Roy Keiser (R.)	60,016	1,293

* Returns incomplete. In Rhode Island, nearly 7,000 absentee ballots are still to be counted.

Richard Nixon easily cornered Ohio and Republicans made substantial gains in congressional, state and local elections.

A Reawakening. After Kennedy won the presidency despite the loss of Ohio's electoral votes, the Republican National Committee appointed Bliss to head a task force to find out why the G.O.P. had fared so poorly in the cities—of 41 U.S. cities with a population of 300,000 or more, Nixon won a majority in only 14. The Bliss report put much of the blame on lackadaisical party organizations, urged a buildup of permanent local organizations with fulltime, paid staffs. In the 1962 elections, Republicans did much better in the cities. Pennsylvania's Governor-elect William Scranton got 43% of the votes in Philadelphia as against Nixon's 32% in 1960, and Michigan's Governor-elect George Romney won 33% in Detroit as against Nixon's 20%. In Bliss's own Ohio, Governor-elect Rhodes got 54.5% in Democratic Cleveland, which had given only 40% of its votes to Nixon.

As the party's most strikingly successful state chairman, Bliss stands high in G.O.P. national councils. He is national vice chairman of the party, head of the Midwest regional body of state chairmen. This week he and the other regional heads will meet with National Chairman William E. Miller to "pursue our organizational reawakening," as Miller put it.

Bliss is an obvious possibility to succeed Miller as national chairman some day. "I have not been interested in being national chairman up to now," says Bliss. "I reserve the right to change my mind." In the meantime, his job, he says, is "electing Republicans in Ohio." He has done so well at it that there are few major political offices in Ohio still held by Democrats, but the 1962 returns were barely counted before Bliss was back in his red leather chair making plans to elect even more Republicans in 1964.



SEWER DRAINAGE NEAR ST. LOUIS
The kids helped dispose.

THE STATES

Changing the Face

When citizens vote to increase their own taxes, that's news. Yet in this year's elections, a remarkable number of voters did approve civic projects that will cost hundreds of millions and change the face of the nation.

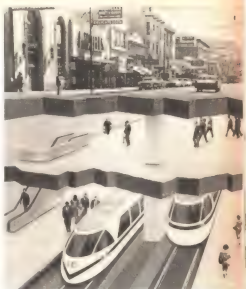
By an overwhelming 5-40-1 margin, St. Louis passed a \$95 million bond issue to control pollution of the Mississippi River. Currently, 72 sewers in the St. Louis area pour 300 million gallons of raw sewage into the river every day. After years of talk, nearly every important civic organization in the city joined the drive to clean up the Mississippi; 104,000 public-school children carried home pamphlets explaining the bond issue. When completed in 1967, the new system will funnel wastes through a vast labyrinth of pipes into two sewage-disposal plants.

Land & Water. Cincinnati, which has long fretted about its blighted waterfront district along the Ohio River only a few blocks from downtown, approved a \$16.6-million bond issue to clean up 128.5 acres of dank and decaying buildings. In their place will go a convention hall, five 30-story luxury apartment buildings, a park, a pool, a marina and motel-hotel catering both to passing motorists and yachtmen.

In Los Angeles County, voters passed a \$17 million bond issue to build facilities "for the detention, training or custodial placement of juveniles." After turning down a school bond proposal last year, Cleveland calmly reversed itself and approved, by better than 2 to 1, a ten-year, \$50 million building program. Explained George Theobald, assistant superintendent of Cleveland elementary schools: "I think the constant dinning in newspapers and magazines on problems of American education and our self-criticism are beginning to pay off. People are realizing more and more that we're in a struggle for survival."

Transit Glorio. Perhaps the boldest civic-works program on any ballot confronted the voters in three San Francisco Bay area counties. For years, San Francisco has been choking on traffic, despite a growing number of bridges and freeways. Forty-eight lanes of freeways now wind around the city, and 32 more are in the works. But city planners estimated that an additional 40 would be necessary to handle the region's projected population jump from 2,500,000 to 4,000,000 in the next decade.

Instead of programming even more freeways and bridges, city engineers drew up imaginative plans for a rapid-transit system that would include the shuttling of trains from Oakland to San Francisco through a six-mile tube under the bay. Now it takes a commuter an hour to drive the 20 miles from Orinda to the downtown area; the transit system would whisk him there in 18 minutes aboard swift, silent trains that would run every 90 seconds during rush hours. The 26-mile trip between San Francisco and



SAN FRANCISCO'S PROJECTED SUBWAY
The planners propose.

southern Alameda County now takes 1½ hours by car in heavy traffic; by train, it would take 31 minutes.

By tapping existing financing systems, the planners figured they could scrape together \$204 million for the project. But they still needed a bond issue of a whopping \$792 million. That broke down to a \$27-a-year tax increase for the "median" householder in the region, whether or not he used the system. Making matters even tougher was a state requirement that the proposed bond issue be passed by 60% or more of the voters. By 61.1% of the total vote of 714,425, citizens of the three counties agreed to shell out the necessary money to build the first major rapid-transit program in the U.S. since Cleveland's in 1955.

Changing the Rules

They were crammed onto the ballots by men who could inscribe the Gettysburg Address on the head of a pin. They were couched in legal jargon that bogged the brain. U.S. voters struggled mightily to decipher and decide upon propositions to outlaw gambling, legalize liquor, install traffic lights, enlarge cities and amend state constitutions. In the hullabaloo over the 1962 election fights, the decisions on these propositions were often ignored. But in many states, what won may turn out to be even more important than who won.

In half a dozen states, thorny fights were waged between rural and urban voters about how the legislature should be apportioned. In West Virginia and Oregon, the voters turned down proposals that would have fortified the representation of the country areas against the steadily growing demands of the city dwellers. Maryland, Florida and California proposals to give more heft to the cities were defeated. Colorado struck a classic compromise, approved a plan that set a fixed size for the senate while guar-

anteering that the house be reapportioned regularly on a strict population basis.

Slimming Down. In Nebraska, Colorado and North Carolina, voters approved plans to trim the gingerbread off woefully roccoco judicial systems. North Carolina's Governor Terry Sanford led his state's fight for court reform, declared that the present system contains "glaring evils"—among them, the fact that most of the nearly 900 justices of the peace get no pay for hearing a case unless they convict the defendant.

Heeding the counsel of both Pat Brown and Dick Nixon, California defeated 3 to 2 a scheme that would have allowed grand juries and a flock of state and federal boards and officials to pin the label "Communist" on any organization. In effect, the proposal would have turned grand juries into judges as well as accusers. The leader of the fight for the amendment, which the *Los Angeles Times* called "intolerable to free men," was whiskey Actor Walter (*The Real McCoy's*) Brennan, who rounded up nearly a million signatures to get the plan on the ballot.

Disaster & Sin. Proposals to permit St. Louis and Memphis to merge with their surrounding suburbs were defeated at the polls. West Virginia voters righteously turned down a proposal that would have legalized the sale of liquor by the drink at local option. But the full life carried the day in Los Angeles County, where the citizens agreed to allow the draw-poker parlors to keep flourishing in the town of Gardena.

Virginia easily approved a scheme to allow two-fifths of the general assembly to make temporary laws if nuclear attack wiped out a majority of legislators. But Rhode Island passed a measure that sets up an emergency chain of command in case such disaster obliterates top officials. The surprising opposition to this praiseworthy plan caused Major General John M. McGreevy, state civil defense director, to shrug: "I don't think the voters knew what was involved here."

Banished Bull. As always, similar claims could be made around the country on many issues. But not in Birmingham. There the voters had long debated ways of replacing the three-man commission (including one man designated as mayor), which both made the laws and administered them. The proposal on the ballot was to scrap the commission in favor of a nine-member council and a separate mayor. When both the Birmingham News and Post-Herald backed the reform, Mayor Arthur J. Hanes not only quit talking to newsmen but threatened to turn them out of the city hall pressroom. Said he: "Why should we continue to provide quarters, heat and light for our enemies?" It was no use. The reform was passed by 2,401 votes, and thereby removed from office one of the South's most determined racists: Public Safety Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor, the police boss who looked the other way during the riot against Freedom Riders in his city last year.

MISSISSIPPI

Laughable, but Not Funny

"That's news to me," exclaimed Mississippi's Governor Ross Barnett. "I hadn't even dreamed of it." Barnett had just been informed that the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals had ordered the Department of Justice to bring criminal contempt charges against him and his lieutenant governor, Paul B. Johnson Jr., for their part in obstructing the entrance of Negro James Meredith to the University of Mississippi. Barnett may have been dismayed by the news, but he could hardly have been surprised; as a highly successful lawyer in private life, he must have known that the federal court would not forgive his defiance of its orders.

Yet even while U.S. law was moving so—in its own fashion—was Mississippi law. In Oxford last week, when a grand jury met to investigate the Ole Miss riot, Circuit Court Judge Walter O'Barr, 39,



JUDGE O'BARR

"Hungry, mad, ruthless, ungodly."

issued a diatribe that would have been laughable had it not reflected the deep feelings of so many Southern citizens. Said Native Mississippian O'Barr, a former mayor of Okolona (pop. 2,622):

"It is a deplorable circumstance to have to begin a court term with American soldiers camped at the edge of Oxford and riding around the square at this time wearing steel helmets and side arms in violation of every constitutional right..."

"A great instrument which has been able to stand the test of time for over 150 years has within a very short time been shorn of all meaning by a diabolical political Supreme Court made up of political greedy old men who are not and have not been qualified to serve as a judge of any court, much less as a judge of the highest tribunal of the land. They have done the very thing prohibited by the Constitution in taking over the function

of the legislature. This court, together with the hungry, mad, ruthless, ungodly, power-mad men who would change this Government from a democracy to a totalitarian dictatorship have attempted to crush the people of this state through the excuse of upholding and enforcing an unlawful order that had not become final..."

"Gentlemen, just because a man works for the federal or the state government does not give him immunity from prosecution for his crimes... This applies not only to the most ignorant human being on the face of the earth, but also John F. Kennedy, Little Stupid Brother Robert Kennedy, [Federal Marshal James] McShane or any other human being."

At week's end, the grand jury returned its report—which was of predictable content. The U.S. deputy marshals who had been assigned to protect Meredith, it said, committed "many cruel and inhuman acts of violence." It commended Mississippi's state cops for "dedicated action." The encirclement of the Ole Miss administration building by marshals "was apparently done for the sole purpose of agitating and provoking violence," and Chief Marshal McShane's order to fire tear gas "was done for the purpose of inciting a riot." The jury then returned sealed indictments against two people. From the report, it was clear that they named Marshal McShane and an Army G.I. who had fired a rifle into a dormitory a few weeks ago during a student demonstration.

CRIME

"You Wouldn't Understand"

On Veterans Day last week, the sun had risen to brighten woody Westport, in Connecticut's suburban Fairfield County. It was a holiday for schoolchildren and some of their parents. At 9 o'clock in the morning, Westport looked just like the sort of place people think of when they want to epitomize a sophisticated, upper-middle-income suburban community. Manhattan is only 52 miles away, but Westport, with its carefully tended property and its comfortable homes, seems impervious to the cacophony of city life.

By 9, Textile Designer Pierre Sillan had left his \$75,000 Westport home for his Manhattan office. His two sons were not at home; one was with the armed forces in Germany; the other at college. His 13-year-old daughter Gail got out of bed, put on a bed jacket and started downstairs. Suddenly, a tall, mustached Negro grabbed her, looped a cord round her neck, dragged her back into her bedroom, locked the door and began choking her. She fainted, and when she awoke, she heard noises downstairs. Rushing into the living room, she found the man strangling her mother. She leaped on him to tear him away, but the man was too much for Gail and her mother. He forced them into the mother's bedroom. Mrs. Sillan pleaded with him: "Do you want money?" "No," he replied. "Why are you doing this?" cried Gail. "Why do you hate us?" Said he: "Not because I hate you, but you wouldn't understand anyway."

After Sundown. With that, he again began choking Gail. Again she lost consciousness, and when she came to, the assailant was choking her mother on the bed. Gail screamed, and the man dragged her to her own bedroom, tied her hands and returned once more to attack her mother. Soon, he got back to Gail, wrapped her in a blanket, hauled her out to his car, threw her in the back and drove away.

For hours he cruised aimlessly around the countryside. Once, when he stopped to light a cigarette, Gail asked, "What are you going to do now?" "I haven't made up my mind yet," he said. He drove off again, stopped at one point to move Gail into the trunk of the car. Later after sundown, he put her back into the rear seat, tied her hands to a door handle, went into a grill in nearby Norwalk, bought a chicken sandwich and gave it to Gail. Then he raped her.

Afterwards, she begged him to get her a drink of water, and when the man got out of the car, Gail painfully slid her bound wrists off the door handle, pushed the door open with her head, and staggered away toward a house in the neighborhood. It was around 8 p.m. An hour earlier, the police had arrived at the Sillan home. Pierre Sillan had returned and found his wife dead.

Played Out. The terror and tragedy that had struck the Sillan household left Westport in shock. Householders locked doors, double-checked windows and waited in dark apprehension, as if time itself had been suspended. The police, meanwhile, worked methodically and got on the trail fast. They discovered that a handyman named Harlin Miller, 31, had not reported for work the day following the crime; he had disappeared with his common-law wife Rosalie. He fitted Gail's description of a handyman she had seen working in the neighborhood; he had worked once at the Sillan place.

With the FBI on the case, authorities traced Miller to his mother's home in Soperton, Ga. There, four days after the crime, FBI men and the county sheriff found him and Rosalie, Miller, who had shaved off his mustache, was hiding under some burlap in the back of a pickup truck. He denied all charges, insisted that he had left Connecticut because work there had "played out." At week's end Westport police went to Georgia to pick him up.

SPACE

In Earthly Trouble

Precisely as planned, the 550-ton eight-engine rocket rose ponderously from its launch pad and thundered into the sky. Last week's flight from Cape Canaveral was the third faultless test of the mammoth, 162-ft. Saturn, prototype of the giant rockets that the U.S. hopes will carry an American to the moon by 1967 or 1968. But even as Saturn was moving toward success in the sky, the U.S. man-to-the-moon program was in earthly trouble. It stemmed from the clashing personalities and ideas of the project's two top officials.

The Conflict. One was James Webb, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. A former Director of the Budget under Harry Truman, Webb, 56, has a cautious eye where money is concerned. He claims to be satisfied with the progress of the \$20 billion moon-flight program. Says Webb: "We have not slipped our target dates."

But Webb is flatly contradicted by the director of NASA's Manned Space Flight Program: Brainerd Holmes, 41 (TIME



NASA'S HOLMES



NASA'S WEBB
Speed up or postpone?

cover, Aug. 10), a brilliant, aggressive electrical engineer with a hard-bitten talent for ramming through tough projects. The moon program, Holmes feels, is already four to six months behind schedule—and the reason is that Webb is dragging his feet. Webb and Holmes have vastly different ideas about the urgency of putting an American on the moon, says Webb: "The moon program is important but it's not the only important part of our space program." Retorts Holmes: "I

don't agree with him. I think it's the top-priority program within NASA."

The Effect. According to Holmes, the moon program ran into trouble in late summer, when various space contractors informed him that the scheduled programs would cost about \$400 million more than the original estimates. Since Congress was still in session, Holmes asked Webb to request a supplemental appropriation for the project, which already was funded at \$2.2 billion for fiscal 1967. Webb refused, apparently because he figured that asking for that much extra money might anger Congress in a deficit budget year, thereby imperiling the entire space program.

What is more, Webb declares: "I am not willing to transfer millions of dollars from other NASA programs into manned space flight." Thus, Holmes has no choice but to cut back his program. Last week the signs of that cutback were obvious in space centers across the U.S.

► In St. Louis, at McDonnell Aircraft Corp., makers of the Mercury and Gemini space capsules, strict limits have been set against overtime work.

► In Maryland the Martin Marietta Corp. has laid off 225 men who were working on the Titan II booster, the rocket that will launch Gemini.

► In Houston, home of the Manned Spacecraft Center, one official declared: "I thought we were in a race. My God, we've got guys going out of their minds down here trying to get things going."

► At the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala., Saturn Boss Werner von Braun warned: "We cannot allow things to slow down any more than they have."

The Dilemma. The White House still wants to push on to the moon with "the utmost urgency," says one Administration official. But such are the differences between Webb and Holmes that the whole program is in danger of bogging down.

The Angry Astronaut

While officials squabbled about the trip to the moon, the least known of the astronauts was tapped for what may be the last flight of Project Mercury. Next April Air Force Captain Leroy Gordon ("Gordo") Cooper, 35, is scheduled to make an all-day, 18-orbit trip.

Cooper nearly lost his chance to go into orbit when he became enraged at the decision last year to ground Astronaut Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton because of a reported heart flutter. Cooper offended high NASA officials by vehemently protesting the decision, threatened to quit if Slayton were not reinstated. He was persuaded not to bail out of the program by Astronaut Walter Schirra, who made the near-perfect six-orbit flight in October.

When Schirra learned that Cooper's chances for the big flight had been endangered because of his defense of Slayton, he made it clear that the slight (5 ft. 9 in., 150 lbs.) former fighter pilot was his choice for the mission. What was more, Schirra, an outspoken man himself, threatened to take Cooper's case to the press if Cooper were ruled out.

THE WORLD

INDIA

The Lifted Veil

For his 73rd birthday last week, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was flooded with gifts ranging from cakes and garlands to gold dust and bank notes for national defense. Most welcome gift of all was the news that India's army, for the first time since the Red Chinese breakthrough on the border last month, in a small way had gone on the offensive. In NEFA (North East Frontier Agency), an Indian patrol raided a Chinese strongpoint near Towang, killed a number of Communist troops and returned to its lines without loss. A heavier attack was mounted outside Wangmo where, after an artillery barrage, 1,000 Indian *jauwans* (G.I.s) stormed into "the

successfully served as Chief Minister of Bombay, the largest, richest and most heavily industrialized state in India. The vastly unpopular Krishna Menon, fired as Defense Minister two weeks ago, sent a plaintive message to Chavan. "Such services as you ask of me as a private citizen are always at your disposal," Chavan, who is a member of the Kshatriya warrior caste, spoke like a fighting man in warning Indians not to count (as Nehru does) on Russia's help against Red China. Said Chavan bluntly: "A Communist country never gives up violence or abjures the use of force."

Nehru, himself, was still speaking softly and some Western observers felt, snidely in Parliament. Explaining why India had not purchased automatic arms from the

terms "in the interest of world peace," Nehru, who has often given similar advice to the West, flatly rejected the notion: the Red terms would imply a major loss of Indian territory. The invasion, he told Parliament, "has lifted the veil from the face of India—a serene face, calm yet strong, an ancient face which is ever young. I don't think we will ever forget this powerful, emotional upheaval. No country that evokes this feeling in a moment of crisis can ever be suppressed."

COMMUNISTS

That "Bourgeois Woman"

The Sino-Soviet split is getting wider. Russia's retreat in Cuba and Red China's attack in India are dividing partisans of Moscow and Peking everywhere. A minority faction of "Chinese" and Stalinist sympathizers in the Belgian Communist Party supported the "rectitude of Castro's cause" and condemned the "imperialist aggression of Nehru." On the other hand, Italian Red boss Palmiro Togliatti, once a Stalinist but now a loyal Khrushchevite, pointedly declined to take sides between India and China. Said he: "We don't know where the truth lies."

In Bulgaria, which had just wiped out a headhead of eight Peking supporters, 20 new victims were purged, including Foreign Minister Karlo Lukanov. Almost one-third of the old Central Committee membership has now been swept away.

The noise of battle was shriller in Peking itself, and the Chinese mood was not improved by a new \$12 million Russian contract with New Delhi for oil-drilling equipment, or Moscow's promise to deliver MIG fighters to embattled India. In an outburst at "modern revisionism," meaning the Khrushchev line, Peking's People's Daily vilified the Kremlin's Cuban policy as "sinister and venomous, disgraceful," and seeking "to befuddle the Cuban people and mentally disarm them." The paper urged a "head-on" confrontation with the U.S. instead of a "barter" of Communist principles. Next day, Red Flag, official organ of the Chinese Central Committee, taunted Khrushchev with the accusation that "the modern revisionists are scared stiff of the 'policy of strength' of U.S. imperialism."

In private, Chinese Reds were even rougher. Communist editors in Hong Kong last week sought out Western newsmen for the first time in years specifically to denounce Khrushchev by name. They revived earlier charges that he had tried to overthrow the Peking regime by destroying blueprints for Chinese economic projects, and complained that Stalin's only mistake was "not killing Khrushchev in the purges." Khrushchev, went the line, is "an amateur Marxist who is betraying the cause with his philosophy of abundance," and is "as jealous of China's growing strength as only a bourgeois woman could be."



NEHRU AT NEW DELHI RALLY
Determined but still snide.

forward slopes of the Chinese position in spite of heavy enemy fire. The Chinese counterattack was beaten off and, at day's end the fighting flared north and west of Wangmo as the Chinese tried to pinch off the Indian salient in their lines.

At week's end the news from the front took a turn for the worse. Peking radio boasting that the Chinese had already captured 927 Indian officers and men, claimed that the new Red counterattacks around Wangmo had "smashed" the Indian defenses. New Delhi conceded its troops had given some ground. Shipments of U.S. and British weapons have not yet reached many forward positions, but regardless of matériel, the Indian *jauwans* are determined to hold back the invader by any means, even, said one officer, "if we have to use the knife."

Worst Rocket. A similar spirit of determination radiated from New Delhi. Prime Minister Nehru, who is almost totally innocent of military matters, turned over his Defense portfolio to burly, tough-minded V. B. Chavan, 48, a former wrestler and anti-British terrorist, who has

West before now. Nehru said: "The House knows that the arms racket is the worst racket of all. If they know you want something, they will make you pay for it through the nose." By waiting until China invaded India, Nehru pointed out, he was able to get British and U.S. arms "in large numbers" and "on very special terms."

Red Consolation. He continued to praise the Soviet Union, "which has been and is the ally of China. We did not expect them to do anything that would mean a breach with an ally. But we have had their good will and good wishes all along, even recently, and that is a consolation to us." As for the U.S. and Britain, their generosity in arms was self-serving. "It is not a mere matter of India's being invaded by China; it raises issues of vast importance to the world and Asia. Realizing this, they help us—they feel this involves many issues in which they themselves are intensely interested."

Nehru hinted that he would welcome a truce on reasonably favorable terms. But when Nuclear Disarmer Bertrand Russell asked India to accept the present Chinese

RUSSIA

A Revolution for What?

For the Soviet Union, 1962 has been a year of economic ferment unmatched since the early days of industrialization and the forced collectivization of the '30s. In this atmosphere, Nikita Khrushchev this week opens the plenum of the party's Central Committee, an assortment of some 2,000 committee members and other party workers summoned from factories and fields across Russia. The meeting is two months overdue; Khrushchev delayed calling it because he had hoped that things would settle down—domestically, that is.

Evidently they have not. The plenum will have to deal with inefficient industrial production, the long-debated need for capitalist-style incentives, and the continuing failure of Soviet agriculture, including Khrushchev's pet virgin lands project in Kazakhstan. Certain to come under scrutiny will be the most violent outburst of discontent reported from Russia in years, last summer's riots in the southern city of Novocherkassk, which ended with the killing of hundreds of workers and housewives who protested against high prices and poor working conditions (TIME, Oct. 10). Moscow denied the whole thing, but according to new details trickling to the West, party officials were stunned by the outbreak, not only because of the sudden violence, but because the rioters revealed sophisticated political attitudes that made Moscow suspect the existence of an organized underground. Scores of youths tore up their party cards in public, others shouted such slogans as "Back to Lenin!" and "Down with the Deceiver." Even the local army garrison of Russians sympathized with the rioters and refused to fire into the protesting crowd. The soldiers who did were central Asian Uzbeks and Kirghizes, who had less objection to shooting Russians.

Another wave of turbulence in the Siberian industrial center of Kemerovo was reported last week by the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya*. More than 47,000 construction workers walked off the job during the first six months of the year because of low wages, poor housing and food shortages. Economic planning in the region was a joke. Equipment for a steel mill delivered in 1954 was still waiting to be installed. A fruit cannery was finished before it dawned on its builders that there was no local fruit to can. All in all, \$660 million went down the drain.

Labor unrest also took place in Grozny, an oil center in the north Caucasus; Donetsk, center of the Donbas coal fields; Yaroslavl, in the Upper Volga, where workers in a tire factory staged a sitdown strike; and even Moscow, where there were mass protest meetings at the Moskvich compact-car plant. Khrushchev himself seems to have drawn the lesson of these events. Said he last July in his native village of Kalinovka: "We have carried out a great revolution to give the people the good things of life. If these things are not available, people will say: 'What do we need such a revolution for?'"



GRAIN CONVEYOR IN KAZAKHISTAN
Pelted but a failure.

The Talker

In the midst of the Cuban crisis, on Oct. 24, the day Soviet ships altered their course to avoid collision with the U.S. Navy, a U.S. businessman in Moscow was negotiating a trade deal with Soviet officials. Suddenly, their talks were interrupted by a phone call from the Kremlin: Nikita Khrushchev would be happy to receive William E. Knox, president of Westinghouse International Co. Knox had not asked for the interview, so Khrushchev, as he often does, was obviously trying to use an American visitor to pipe some of his views into the U.S. This week Knox revealed what was said, and the account of the three-hour session once again showed Khrushchev as one of the world's more arresting conversationalists.

Living with a Goat. "Now let's discuss foreign trade," Khrushchev began, almost at the start. He criticized U.S. restrictions on strategic exports to the Soviet Union, noted that even a lead pencil could be put to military use in drawing a map. When he discussed a new Soviet policy granting manufacturing licenses to foreign industry, Knox interrupted to ask facetiously

for a license to make "the latest type of Soviet rocket booster." Khrushchev laughed and jokingly suggested trading design information on Soviet boosters for designs of U.S. nuclear submarines and Polaris missiles, both of which he said he admired. He added that he would not give to kopeks for a license covering the U.S. atomic aircraft carrier or, for that matter, any surface warship, which he considered obsolete and merely coffins for their crews.

On Cuba the Soviet boss sounded far more belligerent than his later actions. He admitted that Soviet thermonuclear warheads were in Cuba—although next day, Oct. 25, in the United Nations, Soviet Delegate Valerian Zorin was still publicly denying U.S. charges. Inevitably, Khrushchev illustrated a point with an anecdote. U.S.-Cuban relations reminded him of a man who came upon hard times and found it necessary to live with a goat; the man was uncomfortable, but it soon became a way of life. Cuba, said Khrushchev, was the U.S.'s goat. "You are not happy about it and you won't like it, but you will learn to live with it." As for the U.S. quarantine, Khrushchev threatened that if the U.S. Navy tried to search Soviet vessels, he would order Soviet submarines to sink the U.S. ships.

Trouble with the Library. Khrushchev said he would hate to believe that President Kennedy acted as he did because of imminent U.S. elections. He added that, although he had his troubles with Eisenhower, he was sure that if Ike were still President the issue would have been handled in what he called a more mature manner. Part of the U.S.-Russian differences, said Khrushchev, stemmed from the fact that his eldest son was older than Kennedy.

Only once did Khrushchev veer from world events. Leaning toward a group of pushbuttons, he avoided a big red button, pushed a black one, which almost immediately brought an assistant to his side. After a quick, untranslated conversation in Russian, the assistant left, and came back a few minutes later with a biography of Baldassare Cossa, a successful pirate who became Pope John XXIII in 1410. In his opinion, said Khrushchev, the



15TH CENTURY'S POPE JOHN XXIII
Confusing but amusing.

present John XXIII had taken the same name and number to confuse history.* Nevertheless, he added, the book was amusing. Khrushchev then autographed it for Knox, but suddenly professed to realize that it was not his. He exclaimed: "I am going to be in trouble, for it's a library book." Then he added, "Never mind, I will take the responsibility for it."

CAMBODIA

Another Neutral Heard From

Cambodia's neutralist chief, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, prides himself on broad vision, but often his vision extends only as far as the borders of his own tiny kingdom. Last week, while the rest of the



SIHANOUK'S ARMY ON PARADE
With friends like his, who needs enemies?

world was pondering Peking's aggression in India, Sihanouk sent off an incredible letter to Chou En-lai asking for protection from "imperialist threats" and flattering Red China as "the protector of small nations against imperialism."

The unnamed imperialists worrying Sihanouk were clearly his neighbors, Thailand and South Viet Nam, both of which have old feuds going with Cambodia. Sihanouk likes to show off his 28,000-man army, along with the 25,000 men and women in paramilitary units, but he evidently feels that they are not enough for safety. To feel safer, he does not necessarily want help from Red China alone. Not long ago he advanced one of the year's oddest schemes, and one that should really wow Moscow and Peking. Unless he gets a firm new guarantee of his neutrality, the petulant prince warned, "I will have to ask People's China and the Soviet Union to send one division each to protect us."

* Historians now agree that the first John XXIII had not been validly elected, since there were three rival factions claiming the papacy at the time.

ALGERIA

What Is Reality?

In the Arab quarter of Oran, barefoot youngsters last week piped a bitter lament learned from their parents: "We fought for independence, we won it, we lost it two months later." In Algeria's fifth month of nationhood, their chant had almost become a national anthem.

The war-weary country has lost the European middle-class technicians and owners who were its biggest employers: all but 150,000 of 1,000,000 *pieds-noirs* have pulled out. Schools are closed because Algeria has lost 95% of its teachers. More than 2,000,000 Algerians, or half the labor force, have no jobs, and many of those

or even devised a program for compensating European landowners. Around Sétif, the peasants have simply appropriated many deserted farms; in other areas, local committees have taken them over. Rather than carve up big farms, Ben Bella announced that he will turn them into state-owned cooperatives, but rejected Soviet-style collectivization as alien to Algerian "civilization and psychology." Even so, the prospect did not cheer many peasants, whose deepest craving is for some land of their own.

Despite the fanfare that greets every aid shipment from the Communist bloc, Algeria is being kept alive by France, which is pumping \$2,000,000 a day into its former colony. While French aid is to be drastically reduced after Jan. 1, France will continue to be Algeria's biggest market and capital source. Thus, what chiefly worries Western diplomats in Algiers is Ben Bella's contemptuous disregard for the Evian agreements that set the terms for France's withdrawal from Algeria. The Premier, who was still a prisoner of the French when the accord was drawn up, says vaguely that it needs to be revised, but simply ignores any of its provisions that seem inconvenient. Such gestures as his seizure of Algiers' ultra-modern radio station, which the French planned to give to the nation, reflect the Premier's fear of being labeled a "neo-colonialist."

A Matter of Conscience. The French are far more deeply concerned by the regime's callous, wholesale violation of its pledge to take no reprisals against the *harkis*, as Algerians call the 100,000 Moslem auxiliaries who fought against the F.L.N. in the French army. "Without this guarantee," says an angry French diplomat, "there would have been no Evian agreements." Only 5,000 *harkis* emigrated to France after independence. But of those who remained, many thousands have been shipped off to forced labor camps. Some were put to work clearing minefields—by being forced to walk across them. Many others have been tortured, mutilated and thrown into jail along with their wives and children. As many as 10,000 may have been killed. The French, who have the *harkis* very much on their conscience, insist that relations with Algeria could founder if the regime continues to persecute them.

On the other hand, the Algerians are a shrewd, pragmatic people whose friendship for the West has survived the bitterness of war. Most Moslems seem to be aware that U.S. surplus food, though little publicized, is supplying three-quarters of the daily diet for 3,000,000 Algerians. As in other new African countries, the people are also discovering that Communist-bloc aid is mostly window dressing; since Khrushchev's hasty retreat from Cuba, they have become even more leary of Soviet attempts to make Ben Bella the Castro of Africa. Whatever the subject under discussion, Algerians often ask: "What is reality?" A government official in Algiers asked the question last week, but did not answer. Instead, he pointed at a map of France.

YEMEN

Trouble for the Sons of Saud

Cairo newspapers derisively called him a ghost. But the ousted Imam of Yemen, Mohamed el Badr, seemed very real last week. Badr's enemies had repeatedly reported him dead ever since September, when rebel tanks commanded by Strongman Abdullah Sallal raged the palace in San'a and opened fire at point-blank range. But the royal troops held out until the next day, when the Imam darted through a breach in the wall. A woman in a nearby house helped him replace his fancy clothes with a common soldier's khaki tunic, and Badr safely made his way to neighboring Saudi Arabia.

Dressed in the same clothes, and wearing a bandolier of bullets across his chest, Badr told of his escape to a group of 16 newsmen who huddled on mats in a camel-skin tent at an encampment a few miles inside Yemen near the Saudi Arabian border. While dagger-wielding, shouting followers raised a din outside, Badr cheerfully predicted that he would be back on the throne in a few weeks. He claimed to command 20,000 tribesmen.

As for Sallal's "republican" regime, Badr said scornfully: "It seems all you need to make a government these days is a broadcasting station and a declaration that you have formed a government." Furthermore, said the Imam, who has never been much interested in women himself, the new regime has the wrong attitude toward sex: "It encourages the unveiling of women, adultery, alcoholism, and every other kind of sin."

Foreign Threats. Tiny, primitive Yemen may not be much to fight over, but it has become a symbolic object of contention between the Middle East's two most powerful Arab factions. On one side is Nasser's Egypt, which supports the Sallal regime. On the other side is feudal Saudi Arabia, which backs Badr. Allied with Saudi Arabia's King Saud is Jordan's young King Hussein, 28, who believes that "if Saud goes, I go too."

Egypt has poured 10,000 troops into Yemen since Sallal's September revolt, and is reportedly spending \$20 million a week to supply them with Soviet-built tanks, jets and other armaments. Nasser's navy shelled Saudi Arabian towns along the Red Sea; his pilots attacked five villages across the border.

Yemen in turn is loudly threatening to invade Saudi Arabia. Although the little country has no qualified flyer (its one pilot survived three crash landings and has not yet received a license), the Sallal regime boasts that it will return enemy attacks "as far as Amman," the Jordanian capital. With Nasser's belligerent backing, Sallal proclaimed a new "Republic of the Arabian Peninsula," laying claim to about three dozen kingdoms, sheikdoms and sultanates near Aden, most of which are under British protection.

Domestic Fears. The threat of a land grab, however, may be merely Sallal's bargaining maneuver to win diplomatic recognition for his regime from Britain and the U.S., which have withheld it out

of deference to oil-rich Saudi Arabia. There have been signs that London and Washington may eventually reverse their stand, on the theory that if they do so, the Saudis could use the decision as a face-saving way to back down, end support for the Imam, and concentrate on their own serious internal problems. Last week the U.S. flew six F-100 jets over Saudi Arabia in a show of strength that seemed intended as a warning to Nasser not to get too rough with the Saudis.

Meanwhile, the Egyptians mercilessly attack Saudi Arabia's rulers as corrupt and sybaritic. One member of the Saudi royal house hired a French movie crew to photograph his gambols with girl friends. Prince Mansour delights bartenders in

IRAN

Murder v. Reform

In the wind-swept mountains and fertile valleys of the Iranian province of Fars, where Cyrus founded the Persian empire almost 2,500 years ago, time has stubbornly stood still. The feudal landlords defiantly lead the fight against change, and especially against the Shah's ambitious land-reform program.

This program permits landlords to own only one village and its farm lands and buildings; their other holdings must be sold to the government at specified prices for distribution to sharecropping farmers. Along with most of the other 450 wealthy families, the landlords of Fars have fought



IMAM OF YEMEN (RIGHT) IN HIDEOUT NEAR SAUDI ARABIA
With enemies like his, who can trust anyone?

Beirut by paying \$25 for a \$1 shot of Scotch. Mansour's father, King Saud, 60, communes with his concubines four times a day; before morning prayers, after lunch, before dinner, and at night. Saud, apparently frightened of a Yemen-style coup, has for weeks slept each night in a different bedroom of his palace. He has put top military men under house arrest, is surrounded by 200 of Hussein's Jordanian guards, dressed in Saudi uniforms, because he considers them more reliable than his own Saudis. His air force has been grounded since September, when seven pilots defected to Egypt.

Saud's long-term hopes for the survival of his monarchy depend on his brother, able, austere Crown Prince Feisal, whom Saud installed as his new, trouble-shooting Premier. Feisal set up a new Cabinet, promised free medical care and education, abolished slavery. He also planned new public morality committees to back up the religious police run by Moslem mullahs. "It is high time," he says, "to introduce some fundamental reforms. But who is more worthy than we, the sons of Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, to handle the affairs of our country?"

the land distribution law by helping to foment street riots in Teheran, falsifying ownership records with the connivance of provincial officials, forging ballots in local elections. Recently, the landlords won powerful allies by enlisting Moslem mullahs who are using their pulpits to frighten illiterate, landless peasants out of demanding their legal rights.

It was a formidable alliance, but last week it received a severe jolt. The landlords of Fars, by apparently hiring assassins to murder a young land-reform agent, turned an angry nation against them. Vowed the Shah: "His blood will be avenged."

Malek Abedi, 32, lived in the provincial capital of Shiraz with his wife and an eight-year-old son. While he was being driven home in a Jeep with two other land-reform officials, a band of 15 or 20 masked, armed horsemen stopped the car near town and ordered the occupants to get out. "Abedi was the first one out," recalled the driver, "and they immediately cut him down with shotgun and rifle fire. Without harming the other two officials—the killers fled."

The government, convinced that the

landlords were responsible for the deed, moved swiftly. Army planes flew low over the hills of Fars, stronghold of the fierce Khashgari tribe, to try and spot the killers. Under martial law, a military governor took over control from civilian officials who, it was rumored, had plotted with landlords to oppose reform. A national day of mourning was declared for Ahedii, and the Teheran radio broadcast only news and funeral music. Instead of halting land reform in the area, the murder had the opposite effect. Agriculture Minister Hasan Arsanjani, who has aggressively pushed the cause of land reform under two Premiers, ordered local officials to finish the job in Fars within 45 days.

It will be tough, but Arsanjani is determined. In less than a year, the program has distributed 1,150,000 acres belonging to big private owners; they still control about three-fourths of Iran's 50 million cultivated acres. Warned the Shah: "There is no longer any place for privileged landlords seeking prosperity from the privations of working peasants, who have equal rights to happiness."

KENYA

De-Oathing the Kikuyu

In a sparkling meadow at the edge of Kenya's Elburgon Forest, a husky African district officer named Eliud Mahihu asked one of the 200 assembled Kikuyu tribesmen to close his eyes, then led him through the crowd with a broom handle. "He is like a blind man because he has shut his eyes," shouted Mahihu. "If you have taken an oath with the Land Freedom Army, you have shut your eyes too!" By sundown, 130 men and women had



OFFICER MAHIHU (LEFT) AT WORK.
Beware of arches and entrails.

stepped forward to renounce their membership in the shadowy army. Suspected members who held back faced arrest and imprisonment.

Such "de-oathing" ceremonies are the British government's answer to the L.F.A., which since its first appearance 18 months ago has enrolled thousands of land-hungry Kikuyu tribesmen as members and threatened to plunge Kenya into a fresh round of Mau Mau-style terror. What gives the campaign a sense of urgency is the timetable of independence. Within a year Kenya may be on its own, and if the L.F.A.'s black terrorists make good their pledge to seize the white settlers' land, the country could find itself in the same shape the Congo was in when independence came.

Magic Rites. Among the superstitious Kikuyu, the British have learned, very little can be accomplished without magic rites. The Mau Mau forced horror-struck natives to violate tribal taboos, and so bound them to the movement by cutting them off from all else. Some of the grisly Mau Mau oath-taking rites called for copulation with sheep, eating the flesh of exhumed corpses or drinking the "Kaberichia cocktail," a blend of semen, menstrual blood and sheep's blood.

Before the seven-year Mau Mau scourge was eliminated in 1959, the British colonial government decided that it must counter witchcraft with witchcraft, and devised elaborate de-oathing rites, but they were not always successful. Once, when authorities persuaded tribesmen to abjure their bonds to the Mau Mau by sacrificing a goat, a Mau Mau agent slaughtered two dogs, nullifying the "goat oath" with the more potent magic of the "dog oath."

Saturday Sport. The L.F.A. has produced nothing so depraved as the bestial Mau Mau rites. Such traces of relatively mild oathing ceremonies as banana leaf arches and the entrails of animals have been discovered deep in Kenya's forests, but most L.F.A. members are inducted with a simple pledge of allegiance that has even been administered on Nairobi buses.

Accordingly, the government is now also using a far milder de-oathing rite. In fact, it often is more like a civil service exam than something out of *The Golden Bough*. Along with a Kikuyu district officer, the de-oathing teams comprise several recorders, who write down confessions, and a court of five tribal elders. Those who come forward to renounce the L.F.A. are asked eleven questions ("When did you take the oath?" "Who are the leaders?"), then are fined an average of 5 or 10 shillings by the elders.

Though some key L.F.A. officers remain on the loose, the teams draw big crowds throughout the Rift Valley, where Mau Mau was born. This month, 3,000 Kikuyu have been de-oathed. Said one European official hopefully: "I think we've caught this one in time." But there were those who wondered whether the de-oathing would take. "Other tribes play football on Saturday afternoons," said one skeptical white magistrate, "but the Kikuyu take oaths."

SOUTH AFRICA

Civil Death

South Africa is putting to increasing use one of the newest weapons in its arsenal of repression: house arrests. So far Justice Minister Johannes Balthazar Vorster has wielded it against 13 men and women, subjecting them without trial to what one opposition politician called "civil death."

For the next five years, they may not leave their homes from dusk to dawn; four of them may not go out even during



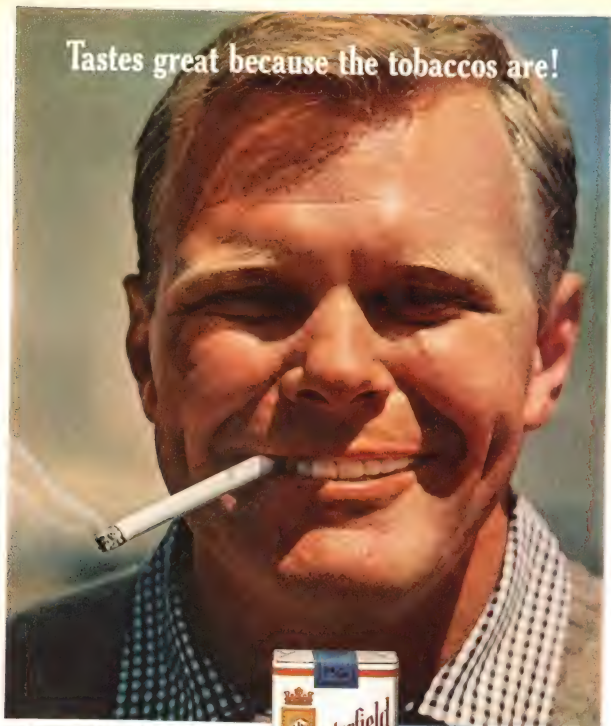
JACK & RICA HODGSON
At home until 1967.

the day. None may receive callers, except a doctor or clergyman. Those permitted to leave their homes during the day must report regularly to police. It was enough to make South Africans wonder, said Johannesburg's Sunday Times, "whether they live in a civilized country or a land of nightmarish fantasy."

The arrests were made under a sweeping Sabotage Act steamrolled through a pliant Parliament last spring. Vowing to "tear out Communism here root and branch," Vorster, a wartime Nazi sympathizer, moved against a variety of the government's most outspoken critics. Some were ranking Reds before South Africa banned the Communist Party in 1950; some were vociferous left-wingers. Others were simply liberals, but that makes little difference to Vorster, who considers liberalism "the forerunner of Communism."

His first target was Mrs. Helen Joseph, 57, a greying, English-born divorcee and a founder of the Congress of Democrats, a left-wing organization banned in September under the government's vaguely worded Suppression of Communism Act. Last week Vorster moved against Jack Hodgson, 54, partially disabled World War II veteran and organizer of leftist groups, who must remain in a three-room flat round the clock until 1967. His wife

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA

Rica was luckier: she drew a twelve-hour curfew, thus can go out during the day. Lest they violate the law by talking to "political undesirables," the Hodgsons and several other couples will have to get special dispensations from Vorster to "communicate with each other."

A dispensation was granted to the children of the married victims, who may have guests "provided that the house-arrested parents do not mix with these visitors." Vorster also promised those under 24-hour curfew that he would reduce it to twelve if they found jobs, but he forbade their leaving home to look for work. His object seems to be to make their lives so miserable they would want to quit the country. Said he: "I'll help them go." But the detained 13, figuring that their very presence was a rebuke to South Africa, stood fast.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Smell of Treason

Since a homosexual Admiralty clerk named John Vassall was sentenced to 18 years in prison last month for selling secrets to the Russians, the House of Commons has buzzed with rumors that the case might involve the government in the biggest scandal since Burgess and MacLean eloped to Russia in 1951. Last week the most sensational version of the Vassall saga to date was unfolded in the House of Commons by the very man whom the Opposition had accused of trying to whitewash the whole affair: Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.

Rising in the tense, hushed chamber, Macmillan declared dramatically: "On Friday last a situation developed of which I hesitate to tell the House—but I must tell the House." Then, in a voice that quivered with cold rage, the Prime Minister said that according to a story confided to him by an M.P., Vassall, 38, was actually planning to defect to Russia when he was arrested last September. Grimly but without judging the accuracy of the story, Macmillan told the rest: Vassall had intended to go first to Italy, where he was to join his former boss, Thomas Galbraith, who had been Civil Lord of the Admiralty until three years ago. Then, said Macmillan, recalling the case of a nuclear physicist who defected to Russia by way of Italy in 1950, Vassall supposedly planned to "do a Pontecorvo." Moreover, "the clear implication" of the story was that Galbraith "also intended to defect to Russia or to assist Vassall to do so."

McCarthyite Innuendo. While Galbraith listened stony-faced from the Tory benches, Macmillan added: "It was also said that my honorable friend was believed to have spent holidays abroad with Vassall before." Explaining that his informant had heard this account of the case from "a leading member of the press," Macmillan declared: "This story, if it were true, would amount to something akin to treason."

Earlier, Macmillan had denounced "speculation and innuendo" concerning



BURGESS



VASSALL



PONTECORVO

If the truth were out, who would have to go?

a series of 25 fairly innocuous letters from Galbraith that had been discovered in Vassall's apartment (TIME, Nov. 16). Now he declared that, "however preposterous, however wicked and however vile" the charges, it was his "duty" to appoint a judicial tribunal to investigate the story—though hitherto he had brushed aside persistent Opposition demands for such a tribunal. This, Macmillan concluded was "the only machinery open to us for the defense of innocent men if they be innocent, but for their condemnation if they be guilty."

In one of the stormiest sessions that Commons had seen in years, the Prime Minister returned to the attack by suggesting that the press and Opposition leaders had tried to "destroy private reputations from motives either of spite or gain." He concluded with a pious warning against "the spirit of Titus Oates and Senator McCarthy."

Borgian Penumbra. Brilliant, left-wing Laborite Richard Crossman retorted caustically that McCarthyism "arises in countries when people outside suspect that the security arrangements required of the small fry are not maintained so severely at the very top." Citing the Burgess-MacLean case, Crossman charged that the government had shied away from a thor-

ough investigation in order to "cover up" higher officials who, "if the truth had come out, would have had to go." Said he: "Now exactly the same thing seems to be happening in the Admiralty."

Despite Macmillan's frequent attempts to minimize the effectiveness of Soviet espionage, a disquieting account of Russian spying in Britain was volunteered by Charles Ian Orr-Ewing, who succeeded Galbraith at the Admiralty. "There are thousands of them. They are all trained to detect weakness in character, weakness for drink, blondes, drugs and homosexuality."

Viscount Hailsham, the government's leader in the House of Lords, described the Communist conspiracy in memorable phrases that might possibly lodge in top Britons' memories. "In matters of security," he said, "we live in the penumbra of a ruthless and diabolical war, the like of which has scarcely been seen in Europe since the time of the Borgias."

Requiem for a Pennyweight

To present-day Englishmen, the British Imperial System does not mean the White Man's Burden but something very nearly as outdated: a labyrinthine heritage of weights and measures that would long since have driven a less hardy race to dementia or to decimals.

Britain's schoolchildren grapple for years with three different and conflicting methods of measuring weight (avoirdupois, troy and apothecaries' table), three

■ A 17th century informer whose tales of imagined plots against Charles I led to a reinformation.



SIXTEEN MEN MEASURING OFF A ROD
Will the end be something or something?

ways of measuring length (linear, chain and nautical), and a bewildering variety of dry and liquid measurements, ranging from drachms, grains and scruples to tuns, hogheads and chaldrons. Port is measured in pipes (105 gals.), people in stones (14 lbs.), pickled peppers in pecks (534.84 cu. in.). For good measure, Britain's hundredweight is 112 lbs., not 100; the pennyweight has been unrelated to the weight of any penny for a century and a half, but equals one-twentieth of an ounce. Both ounces and quarts have entirely different values in different tables, and pounds can consist either of 12 oz. (troy) or 16 oz. (avoirdupois), not to mention the pound sterling, which is 20 shillings.

Last week, after nearly 150 years of discussing reform, the House of Commons debated a weights and measures bill no less momentous than the Act of 1824 that abolished Queen Anne's wine gallon (231 cu. in.) and the ale gallon (282) in favor of the present imperial gallon (277.4). The government bill abolishes entirely the linear measurement, beloved of school textbooks, known as rod, pole or perch, a 3½-yd. unit based originally on the combined length of the left feet of 16 men. The government also lengthens the yard* and lightens the pound to conform to international standards, and in five years it will also abolish pennyweight, scruple and drachm.

While the reforms were most loudly welcomed by rod-spared schoolchildren, they also stirred joy in English pubs, where a "single" Scotch or gin is usually one-sixth of a gill—barely enough, Britons grumble, to wet the glass. Henceforth, pubs will be allowed to dispense one-sixth, one-fifth or one-fourth of a gill,† but will be forced to display a sign saying clearly which measure they use. The greatest spur to thoroughgoing reform will undoubtedly be British membership in the European Common Market. In time, Englishmen may even order their mild-and-hitter by the liter, and pay in decimal currency— but few last week would bet a fluid dram that they would live to see the day.

COMMON MARKET

Shantih, Shantih, Shantih

Practically everyone in Britain has had his say on the British bid to enter the Common Market, but not until now did anyone get around to polling the poets and playwrights. Sounding like his own Elder Statesman, T. S. Eliot told the monthly *Encounter*: "I have always been in favor of close cultural relations with Europe. For this reason my personal bias is in favor of Britain's entering. And I have not been impressed by the emotional appeals of some of those who maintain that to take this course would be betrayal of our obligations to the Commonwealth."

Among the anti-Europeans proved to

* First standardized by Henry I (1100-1135), who made it conform to the distance between his nose and outstretched right thumb.

† Which approximately equals the standard measure U.S. shot.

be Angry Youngish Playwright John Osborne, 32. Looking back in anger from the south of France last year, Osborne had proclaimed his antipathies in a "letter of hate for you, my countrymen." Its message: "Damn you, England." But damn it, blood is thicker than water, and he has had a change of heart, possibly because of overexposure to what he calls "the forward-looking common supermarket jargon and high-minded greed." Said Osborne: "I, for one, am sick to death of all its ugly chromium pretense and am proud to settle for a modest, shabby, poor-but-proud LITTLE ENGLAND any day."

THE ALLIES

A European Bomb?

The U.S. came closer than ever before to solid support of a European nuclear force. Under Secretary of State George Ball told a NATO group in Paris: "Said other NATO nations so desire, we are ready to give serious consideration to the creation of a genuinely multilateral medium-range ballistic missile force, fully coordinated with the other deterrent forces of NATO." Ball even suggested that the U.S. is already "in the process" of supplying ideas and information toward establishment of such a scheme. Still unanswered: whether the U.S. will eventually share its nuclear secrets with Europe.

ISRAEL

The Penance Corps

Eighteen years after the Hitlerian terror that wiped out 6,000,000 Jews, most of the people of Israel seem as bitter as ever toward the Germans. The mere visit of a German Protestant pastor to a Jerusalem school recently provoked a national outcry. Last month, public opinion forced Israel's top chamber music orchestra to

cancel a concert tour in West Germany. A law states that no West German firm may operate in Israel.*

But thinking Jews are convinced that passions will never cool until a way is found to get German and Jew together. To this end, some prominent Israelis have encouraged a small but growing West German program that organizes tours of Israel for hundreds of average Germans—trade unionists, students, professors, churchmen. Most successful part of the program is a sort of penance corps organized by Lothar Kreyssig, a prominent layman of the German Evangelical Church, who has sent two teams of volunteer German youths to work in the harsh surroundings of Israeli kibbutzim (collective farms). Financed entirely by Germans, Dr. Kreyssig's *Aktion Sühnezeichen* (roughly, Operation Penance) asks nothing of Israel but the right to work without pay on Israeli projects. Says a spokesman of the organization: "Only by sharing the life of the Jewish people and helping overcome the feeling against us can we combat anti-Semitism."

Kreyssig's first problem was to find an Israeli community that would accept his missionaries. Only ten of the nation's 205 kibbutzim agreed to the idea, and even then the first team that went out to a Negev collective last year found it hard to make friends. The second group, twelve young Germans installed at Kibbutz Bajan on the Jordan frontier, has had an easier time. Each morning they rise at 5:30 a.m. and head for their assigned chores. Some work on tractors, others in cauliflower gardens or the citrus orchards. Admits a leader of the collective: "We were short of hands until they came along. They are earning their keep."

From the start, the Germans tried to fit into everyday life by attending synagogue services, joining local clubs. But the community remained aloof from the strangers for months. The turning point came when calls went out for blood to increase the supplies in the clinic's blood bank. The Germans volunteered with the rest. Since then, collective members have invited Germans into their homes, take them along to domino contests and movie nights in Tel Aviv. Fortnight ago, Israelis watched curiously as one of the Germans sobbed during memorial services for the Jewish victims of Crystal Night,† the murderous evening of raids in November 1938 that marked the start of Hitler's campaign to annihilate Germany's Jews.

The families at Kibbutz Bajan do not quite know what to make of these outward signs of German repentance. "We cannot believe that Germany has changed since the Nazi period," says a youth hostel leader. "Yet we do know that these guests represent new forces in Germany."

* Although, anomalously, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's regime permits Israeli weapons factories to sell machine guns, mortar shells and grenade launchers to the West German army.

† So named because Nazi troops broke windows in thousands of Jewish shops and homes.



ISRAELI & GERMAN AT KIBBUTZ BAJAN
A long way from Crystal Night.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

New Power from Quebec

For 16 years, the French-speaking province of Quebec was a quaint backwater off the Canadian mainstream, slow to develop but full of lively tales about the grafting ways of Provincial Premier Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale party. Soon after the mighty Duplessis died in 1959, the Liberals came to power under a new Premier, Jean Lesage, 48, pledged to clean up and modernize Quebec. Last week Lesage took himself and his reform program to the polls in a snap election. The results were decisive: Lesage's Liberals gained nine seats to win a solid majority of 63 seats in the 95-member legislature, and established their leader as a major force in Canadian politics.

TV Hints. Like every other Canadian politician these days, French-speaking Lesage, a Quebec City lawyer, is a student of *The Making of a President, 1960*. During the campaign, he traveled 15,000 miles across the province in six weeks, and at the end he eagerly accepted a challenge to meet his opponent, Union Nationale Leader Daniel Johnson, in a Kennedy-Nixon style TV debate. Just to be on the safe side, three Lesage aides flew to Washington to find out if there were any tricks left out of the Kennedy manual. They returned with four helpful Kennedy-staff TV hints: Do not shave before 5 p.m., eat only a light supper, hark six minutes under a sun lamp, wear no makeup. In his 110-minute pre-election debate, Lesage gave the urbane, polished performance of a man who knew precisely where he was going, and left Johnson appearing as if he did not.

But it was not all TV. On the stump Lesage alternately roused crowds with shafts aimed at the Union Nationale's aromatic past ("Purgatory has not lasted long; hellfire is needed to purge them"), and lectured to them on his nationalist theme that French Canada must come of age economically. His key issue was nationalization of Quebec's eleven private power companies. The opposition cried socialism, but drew little response in a nation where six of the ten provinces have 100% public power. Quebec's private companies operate mostly in rural areas, and, cried Lesage, do not have the resources to provide first-class service. Besides, their stockholders like Lesage's price: \$350 million, with the province assuming \$200 million in corporate debts. Nationalization, promised Lesage, would provide the power potential needed to attract modern industry to the remote reaches of the province. It would free French-speaking Canadians from long-established domination by English-speaking shareholders. It would bring new light to the far northern regions that now get flickery 25-cycle power.



WINNER LESAGE & WIFE
With sun lamp and no makeup.

Mistaken Mazim. Lesage's smashing victory made him a hot national property for the Liberals in Ottawa, particularly since the party historically alternates its leadership between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians. Current Liberal Leader Lester Pearson, who took over from French Canadian Louis St. Laurent, is working hard to topple the five-month-old minority government of Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and to force new elections. One of the reasons Pearson did not win power in last June's elections was his failure to get Lesage's full support in Quebec. Following the provincial idea that it is politically foolish for a French Canadian leader to mix in a federal fight, Lesage sat the election out; 26 Quebec seats that might have tipped the national balance to the Liberals went to the funny-money Social Credit party of a demagogic auto dealer named R  al Caouette. On the strength of his present popularity, Quebec's Lesage is expected to broaden his sights to include all of Canada.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Where the Money Went

For a family of political castaways, the Trujillos manage quite well for themselves. Rhadam  s Trujillo, 20, youngest son of the Dominican Republic's late lamented dictator, spends his time in Madrid hanging around nightclubs and cracking up fancy sports cars. His older brother Ram  s, 33, who ruled the country for six months after his father's assassination, is a more serious type, with an ulcer. His major occupation these days is managing the loot the Trujillos carried with them when they took it on the lam from their tiny Caribbean fief.

How much the Trujillos squeezed out of the Dominican Republic in 31 years of misrule will probably never be known. But a respected, independent Swiss newspaper, Basel's *National-Zeitung*, has made an informed—and startling—estimate. It comes to \$800 million, half in cash, half in stocks and bonds, the bulk of it said to be salted away in a neat little empire of numbered Swiss bank accounts and disguised European holding companies. The sum is about equal to one year's gross national product in the Dominican Republic.

Silent Partners. The *National-Zeitung* got its story from a former Trujillo official, who, having helped the Trujillos get the money out, was mad at not being cut in. The paper sat on the story for three weeks while it checked out the documents he produced to back up his story. Then the *National-Zeitung* published its fascinating account of how the Trujillos got their money out of the country in the months following the dictator's death.

Shortly after the dictator's assassination, it reports, the Trujillos deposited \$15 million in the Bank of Nova Scotia under the name of three cover-up Canadian corporations; later, when the new Dominican government tried to recover the money from Canada, it was transferred to a Geneva bank. More millions poured directly into Switzerland through a network of front companies spread across the Continent. At least seven such fronts were set up in tiny, tax-haven Liechtenstein, and their funds were deposited in Swiss banks. When Swiss bankers were asked by the Dominican government not to accept Trujillo funds, two Geneva banks complied; on discovering the real name behind the numbered accounts, they gave Ram  s 24 hours to withdraw his deposit. But others were either less astute or cared little for a 1960 "gentleman's agreement" among Switzerland's bankers not to handle hot money.

According to the *National-Zeitung*, some of the money is being reinvested in profitable European companies. In one such deal, the Trujillos bought 70% control of Geneva's Banque G  n  veise de Commerce et Cr  dit. They also put \$4,400,000 in cash into a new Luxembourg holding company called Soci  t   Holding Bancaire et Financ  re Europ  enne S.A. To the company's other founders, the Trujillos were known merely as the "Paris Group."

Silent Bankers. Most Swiss bankers were characteristically mum about the *National-Zeitung's* story, but showed no eagerness to refute it. In Madrid Ram  s Trujillo called the story a "slanderous potpourri of half-truths, exaggerations and outright lies" planted by a former secretary of his playboy brother Rhadam  s. He couldn't help feeling sorry for himself, in all his luxurious exile: "My entire life was marred and unhappy because I was the heir of Rafael Trujillo."



CAROLINE



WATCHING BALLERINA PLISetskaya in Leg-Warmers
"Doesn't anybody ever eat around here?"

For the most part, **Caroline Kennedy**, 4, sat rapt and on her best behavior as she and her mother* watched Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet limber up for their evening show at Washington's Capitol Theater. She curtsied politely to Ballet Master Asaf Messerer and shook hands with Prima Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya, who looked pretty funny in her woolly leg-warmers. But two hours of Bolshoi can be tough on the best behaved little girl, and Caroline got a mite fidgety. She struggled out of her pink sweater, kicked her red Mary Janes back and forth, wriggled up into Mama's lap, stretched and yawned. Finally Caroline piped: "Doesn't anybody ever eat around here?" Whereupon Jackie fished into her purse and came up with a piece of foil-wrapped candy... Next day, during a tour of the White House, the whole troupe got to meet Caroline's daddy.

Informed that he had won the \$20,000 Enrico Fermi Award "for his leadership in thermonuclear research," **Dr. Edward Teller**, 54, who dislikes lying called the father of the hydrogen bomb, had just one request. "I would appreciate it," he said, "since this for me is a nice occasion, that you refrain from calling me the father of anything."

To the University of Chicago, of which he was a trustee for 48 years, Meat Packer **Harold H. Swift** willed the \$5,000,000 bulk of his \$7,000,000 estate, half of the money to be used at the discretion of the school's officials, the other

half as a permanent endowment fund. Cautioned Swift, a bachelor whose major outside interest was the university: "The fund is to be invested and reinvested... I do not mean thereby to encourage the taking of wild gambles, trusting to luck; but rather I would have said university free to take on occasional unorthodox business ventures in the expectation that some of them from time to time will produce extraordinary results."

"The emergence of **Lawrence P. ('Yogi') Berro** as a capable business executive is now a fact," said the handout. The job: vice president of the Yoo-Hoo Beverage Company, makers of a chocolate drink.

Manhattan's elegant, four-story town house at 1 Sutton Place, overlooking the East River, now belongs to the man who lives next door in Nos. 3 and 5. The buyer of the ivy-covered *piéd-à-terre*, sold at auction fortnight ago for a stupendous \$436,000: **Arthur A. Houghton Jr.**, 55, president of Steuben Glass, who purchased the property "as a long-term investment. It should prove a good one. In 1943 the Georgian brick residence, built in 1924 for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, sold for just \$55,000.

"He's just drunk," scoffed a bystander as the man fell off the barstool at Las Vegas' Sands Hotel. But Comedian **Milton Berle**, 54, who has seen more than his share of nightclub stewpots, wasn't so sure. Noting the man's slate-colored face and blue lips, he shouted: "He's not drunk, he's having a heart attack." Carrying the stricken man to a service table, Berle spent 20 minutes administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation until an ambulance arrived. Said Berle afterwards: "I never did find out the guy's name, but I found out later they saved him."

At the dedication of Washington's \$110 million Dulles International Airport, some 30,000 people gathered to stare at the

soaring lines of the Saarinen-designed terminal building and honor the memory of the man for whom the airport is named: onetime Secretary of State **John Foster Dulles**. President Kennedy was on hand and so was Ike, who described his old friend as "a man who spent most of his life serving the cause of his country and world peace."

Still lighting torches in what looks like a vain effort to convince the National Aeronautics and Space Agency that she should be the first woman in a space capsule, Aviatrice **Jerrie Cobb**, 31, told a Washington women's club that she was being given the runaround. The Russians, she said, may soon launch a Mongolian woman into orbit ("They are a small, hardy race used to high altitudes"), while the first space-bound U.S. female may be a chimpanzee. "There's a \$1,000,000 budget for a place called Chimp College, New Mexico," said the angry Jerrie, "where at least one female, named Glenda, is taking astronaut training."

For everyone who was anyone along the Rome-New York social beat, the place to be last week was the Spoleto Ball at Manhattan's Hotel Plaza. The charity affair, to raise money for Composer Gian Carlo Menotti's annual Festival of Two Worlds in the medieval town north of Rome, was capped by a "Parade of the Zodiac" bal show. And there they came, trooping top-heavily across the stage: Actress **Joan Fontaine** as Aquarius, the Water Bearer; Mrs. Marion Javits, wife of New York Senator Jacob Javits, as Capricorn, the Goat; **Justine** and **Lily Cushing**, daughters of slick Ski Resort Operator Alexander Cushing, as Gemini, the twins in yellow silk sheaths and sequin-studded grey turbans. To be sure that the headgear



GEMINI JUSTINE & LILY CUSHING
Capping the show.



* Fashioned last week in the First Ladies Hall of the Smithsonian Institution was the white *petit d'acier* gown, headed chiffon overblouse and cape that Jackie wore only once: to the Inaugural Ball. The dress is exhibited on a plaster mannequin of Jackie's size and shape, but the face, like those of the other effigies, is a stylized version of Cordelia, King Lear's daughter.



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dow Receipting Machines coupled with a punched paper tape recorder proved most practical.

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Fred Dean

Assistant Treasurer

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crushed not a curl, Hairdresser Mr. Kenneth was backstage with teasing comb at the ready.

One of the most valuable and complete collections of U.S. coins in existence was stolen from the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., where it was being exhibited by its owner, H.S.T.'s onetime Secretary of the Treasury, John W. Snyder. Flying home from Manhattan to preside over the investigation, Truman had his own theory about who stole the \$50,000 collection. "Professional thieves have been hired by some coin collector to come and get this collection," he fumed.

So very proper when she played the London Palladium for the Queen, Singer **Eartha Kitt**, 34, came back to earth in Bonn at the annual *Presseball*, which



KITT & LÜBKE
After wickedest.

marks the opening of the West German capital's social season. Decked out in a slit gold lamé gown, Eartha purred *I Want to Be Evil* with such wickedness that the high-ranking audience cheered and President Heinrich Lübke came up to congratulate her after the 15-minute show. Lübke's wife Wilhelmine insisted on meeting her too.

Steaming through San Francisco as the prize exhibit of the city's "London Week," England's saber-tongued **Prince Philip** left a trail of wounded feelings after engagements with photographers, city officials, and students at the University of California. But he saved his sharpest lip for his own countrymen. At a showing of British painting and sculpture at the San Francisco Museum of Art, the Prince stared at *Relief Construction*, by Sculptor Victor Passmore, and growled: "That looks like something to hang a towel on." His opinion of Lynn Chadwick's *Black Beast*: "A coffin for a beatnik." And a white canvas with blue square by Painter William Scott reminded him of an empty Picaresque signboard.



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Simply plug the portable unit into any standard 110-volt outlet. You'll enjoy radio or phonograph music from the console in any room you choose.

This innovation is on the Sutton, above, as well as the Barrington and

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The Sutton, by the way, is a superb instrument in itself. It combines ten speakers with a full 100 watts of music power amplification. An FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner is standard. It comes in your choice of four authentic furniture styles—each in the appropriate genuine hardwood veneer.

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CHAMBERLAIN



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ADRIAN A. BUCHANAN

PRESIDENT DICKEY

More than granite in the brains.

Out of the Woods

In a hilariously solemn metaphor, Dartmouth's college anthem boasts that the school breeds men with "the granite of New Hampshire in their muscles and their brains." Dartmouth people darkly suspect that the world pictures their school as an Ivy League training camp for ski bums and football players, dressed in the foul-weather fashions of six-month winters and rarely troubling their granitic heads with studies. Yet these days the Hanover hills are ringing with academic reforms and resounding to the whoops of culture.

Just opened is the Hopkins Center for creative and performing arts, a triple-threat (art, drama, music) complex designed by Lincoln Center Architect Wallace Harrison, with advisers ranging from Conductor Leonard Bernstein to Choreographer Jerome Robbins. Celebrating the occasion Dartmouth last week served a cultural feast: new music by French Composer Darius Milhaud, a show of paintings by Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann, the world premiere of Director John Huston's *Friend*, and the first completed U.S. work of Italian Architect-Engineer Pier Luigi Nervi, which happens to be Dartmouth's new \$1,500,000 arched-roof fieldhouse.

Small & Lovable. What makes such a flurry the more notable is Dartmouth's isolation—a headache since 1770, when the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock trudged up from Connecticut with rum, drum and Bible to "civilize and Christianize" the pagan redskins of New Hampshire. Some 140 miles north of Boston, where Harvard was already 134 years old, the doughty divine built a log-hut school called Dartmouth College after its English angel, the Earl of Dartmouth. Unhappily, the Indians ignored Wheelock. He was forced to import paleface students, who at first took

a wry view of his brave motto, *Vox Clamantis in Deserto* (The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness).

The voice nonetheless got heard in 1818, when Alumnus Daniel Webster tearfully told the equally moved U.S. Chief Justice John Marshall: "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." In the 29 years prior to 1945, Dartmouth won national status under President Ernest Martin Hopkins (the new center's originator). Yet isolation remained a problem. When Hopkins retired, the faculty was inbred, overage, lacked the metropolitan stimulation of other famed schools. To find girls on weekends, the boys regularly killed themselves speeding down narrow roads to civilization.

Girls & Books. The nearest supply of college girls is still 40 miles away at Colby Junior College. But isolation is rapidly becoming a virtue under President John Sloan Dickey, the reticent alumnus '26 and Boston lawyer who quit the State Department in 1945 to succeed Hopkins. For modern city kids, the Outing Club offers a 27,000-acre wilderness to romp in. Superlative Baker Memorial Library, with 800,000 volumes in stacks open for browsing, gives many a Dartmouth man his real education. Dickey parlayed the advantages: under him, endowment has more than tripled, to \$73 million, book value. In six years, Dartmouth has put up \$27.4 million in new construction, including the \$7.5 million Hopkins Center.

One result of such affluence is that 40% of Dartmouth's 3,060 undergraduates now

get scholarship aid (average grant, \$1,200) toward the minimum \$2,800 cost. Another is a rebuilt faculty, 60% new since 1952, with salaries as high as \$18,000 a year. It also boasts such compelling young scholars as Mathematician John Kemeny, 36, who graduated from Princeton in 1947 with the highest grades seen there in 20 years, came to Dartmouth as a full professor at 27. In creating the best college math department in the country, Kemeny has also produced such fascinating courses for non-majors that 65% of Dartmouth freshmen now take math voluntarily.

Coherent College. A champion of "liberalizing" education, President Dickey has tried hard to blend liberal arts with the specialization that now drives 73% of Dartmouth men on to graduate school. In 1947, he launched a compulsory "Great Issues" course for seniors, which each week brings in poets, politicians or philosophers to discuss everything from God to "overkill." The same idea keeps Dartmouth from becoming a full-fledged university. It has three graduate schools—business administration, engineering, and the third oldest (1797) U.S. medical school. But all stay deliberately small (total enrollment: 342) on the ground, says Dickey, that Dartmouth must keep the unifying spirit of a residential college and not become a "boardinghouse for specialists."

As a result, Dartmouth expands graduate work only where it is especially qualified to fill a vacuum. Mathematician Kemeny, for example, has started a unique doctoral program aimed at creating college teachers of his "new math." The medical school offers only two years of study and then sends most of its students on to fill the vacancies created by flunk-outs at Harvard's four-year school. The Dartmouth medical school has re-

Who in 1810 overruled the state legislature's attempt to take over Dartmouth as a public university. The landmark decision (1) guaranteed the rights of U.S. private colleges, and (2) gave the sanctity of contract to corporate charters, a key event in the history of U.S. business.



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cently doubled enrollment to 96, is raising \$10 million, will soon offer a Ph.D. in molecular biology.

Three-Three Schedule. Dartmouth's most dazzling innovations are for undergraduates, who now come from all 50 states and 30 foreign countries, are 75% public school products, and generally fit Admissions Director Edward Chamberlain Jr.'s edict: "It's not how well-rounded they are; it's the length of their radii we're interested in." To stretch radii, Dartmouth has pioneered a "three-three" schedule—a three-term academic year with only three courses per term. Since the goal is to probe subjects more deeply, the work is a lot harder. Also required: heavy reading and "original commentaries" of at least 900 words on authors from Plato to Sartre.

Old faculty hands complain that three-three is mere academic automation that "pushes the kids too hard." Faculty Dean Arthur Jensen disagrees, says that "this system has sparked the whole academic tone of Dartmouth." As for students, movie attendance is down 35% and book circulation at Baker Library is up 55%. Next on John Dickey's agenda is the logical extension of three-three: a summer session beginning in 1963 that may well put Dartmouth on a year-round basis and allow a B.A. to be earned in three years. At the summer session Dartmouth will also take its first women undergraduates, but President Dickey will restrict enrollment to men for the rest of the year.

Dartmouth still stresses football enough to be this year's leader in the Ivy League, still puts on its Winter Carnival, the nation's coldest and wildest college weekend. But doused in Hopkins Center culture and prodded to more "self-education" than ever, Dartmouth men are fast finding that winter in Hanover can be the intellectual joy of a lifetime.

Out of Fashion

"Isn't it time that the American university prepared a decent, respectable burial for the traditional American college fraternity? They have served an historical purpose and served it well. But we've given up hanjo clubs and minstrels. Now it's time to face courageously the task of replacing the alumni-dominated fraternal system."

So last week said a noted pulse taker of U.S. campus life, President Edward D. Eddy Jr. of Pittsburgh's Chatham College, before a meeting of U.S. state-university presidents in Washington, D.C. How to preserve small-unit living on big campuses is the problem, says Critic Eddy. The "three-, four- and sometimes ten-story hotel which often serves as a dormitory" is no solution. But neither is preservation of fraternities: "Time has run out for the national fraternity system. It has failed to adapt itself to the demands of the new student and to a changing social pattern. The system can and should be replaced—not with more Hiltons or Statlers but with intellectual centers" that keep the best of fraternity-house living without fraternities.



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Union Pacific West also rode the

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This monster is a boiler for a West Coast power plant. But boilers, boxes, bales, present no insurmountable problem. Freight shipped the automated rail way is cushioned, cradled and, if necessary, cooled all the way without interruption. This is the efficient way to run a railroad—with centralized traffic control, push-button classification yards and micro-wave communications.

For freight of unusual shapes, as well as conventional, be specific...route it Union Pacific.

U.P.

**UNION
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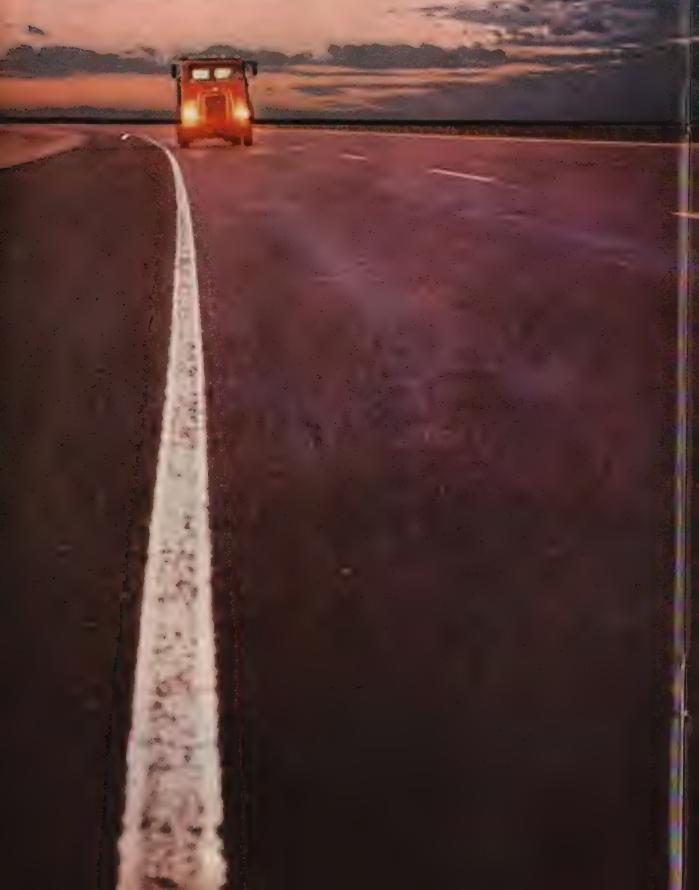
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In a Domeliner, safe from the hazards of winter driving and weather, you ride relaxed in warm air-conditioned comfort.

Report to business from B.F. Goodrich



Here comes a new tire that's a million miles old

Out near Pecos, Texas, a new B.F. Goodrich truck tire fights for life on a 9-mile circle of highway—the world's longest tire test track.

Early one morning over a year ago, a driver edged his odd-looking rig onto a road near Pecos, Texas. He pushed the speedometer to sixty and held it fast into the blistering heat of the Texas afternoon. He was on the world's longest tire test track, built by BFG.

He and his truck had quite an assignment: to make one of the toughest in-use tire tests ever cooked up. The question: had B.F. Goodrich created the best truck tire of its kind in the world—or just a good try?

To find out, we took these new tires to Pecos, mounted them on six specially-built giant trucks, ran them night and day, often under deliberately overloaded conditions to make the tests more severe.

These were the trucks that were pounding along now, pushing through the 110° heat. On they went, around the clock. How would these new BFG 3-rib original equipment truck tires stand up?

Now, after a million miles of such rugged tests (and we're still testing), this is what we have found: our

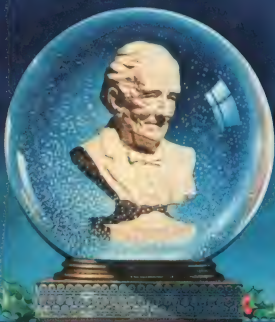


new BFG tires not only took the strain in stride, but they averaged significantly more mileage than the best original equipment tire tested. (Other brands of truck tires were tested at the same time.) Tread wear of the new BFG tire was remarkably even, surprisingly uniform. Without any question, this is the great tire we hoped it would be!

This is the kind of testing we give all BFG tires. In fact, it's the kind of thoroughness you can expect from BFG whether the product is made of rubber, plastic, textile or metal. For more information on how this tire can do a job for you, write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.



The Most
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Old Grand-Dad

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The bourbon with the most perfect taste of all makes the most perfect gift of all—and the most preferred.* Make the holidays more memorable with gifts of Old Grand-Dad 100 Proof Bottled in Bond or lighter 86 Proof.

Select the 100 Proof in its special decanter or choose the familiar bottle of either proof. All are holiday-wrapped and ready to give. Whichever you prefer, it is available at no extra cost at fine liquor stores everywhere.



*A recent nationwide Gallup Survey of those who prefer bourbon revealed that Old Grand-Dad was their favorite by more than ten to one.

SPORT

Best in the World

The program called it the \$125,000 Washington, D.C. International, and 13 thoroughbreds from nine nations pranced to the post at Maryland's Laurel Race Course. But to the fans, it was strictly a domestic affair, a test between the three top U.S. horses: Jack Dreyfus' sprinter, Beau Purple; Mrs. Richard C. duPont's great gelding, Kelso; and Jack Price's millionaire colt, Carry Back. Ill-mannered catcalls greeted the Russian and Japanese entries, and Britain's Pardao went off at 10-to-1 odds.

The only foreign horse with a following



MATCH II (SAINT-MARTIN UP)
A brute.

was France's Match II. Beau Purple's trainer, Allen Jerkens, said he was worried: "That French colt—he's a brute." Racing exclusively in Europe, where stakes horses get fewer chances to run and purses are generally smaller than in the U.S., the muscular bay had already earned \$283,000 for French Hotelman François Dupré, who owns Paris' Plaza-Athénée, Montreal's Ritz-Carlton, a breeding farm in Normandy and a string of 60 race horses. Dupré's jockey for the International: Yves Saint-Martin. France's top rider, a vise-handed craftsman who, at 21, already ranks with the world's best. Even so, Match II went out as a 6-to-1 long shot.

More respect was due, Beau Purple ran his race at the start, then folded. Kelso and Carry Back staved a killing duel for the lead until Carry Back ran out of gas, and the victory chant "Kelso! Kelso!" started through the stands. But it was not the Americans' day. Biding his time back in the pack, Saint-Martin deftly drove Match II past the windied field, coming through on the rail, gaining on Kelso

with every long stride, "I saw him coming," said Kelso's jockey Ismael Valenzuela, "but I just couldn't do anything about it." At the finish, Match II was 1½ lengths ahead and going away, Kelso's second-place finish will probably earn him Horse of the Year honors in the U.S. Match II went home with \$70,000 winner's purse and a higher title: best race horse in the world.

Fastest Rope in the West

The dusty parking lot in San Angelo, Texas, was jammed with out-of-state cars from as far away as Pennsylvania, and the stands that were built to handle 1,400 spectators had to make do for 3,500. Unshaven cowboys in faded Levi's waved fistfuls of greenbacks and haggled over the odds with Houston oilmen in embroidered shirts. A volunteer comedian told ancient jokes to try to keep tension down as the crowd awaited the biggest rodeo event in years: a matched roping contest between two champion lariat handlers. The stakes were \$3,700 in cash, a share of the bets, and undisputed claim to being the best calf roper in the world.

No Steers. The sport that made Will Rogers a rodeo star originated with the *rancheros* of Spanish Mexico, spread across the West in the mid-1800s. At first, trail-driving cowboys practiced the art on range steers, but so many good beef cattle were crippled that steer roping was outlawed in Texas 60 years ago. Today's rodeo cowboys rope calves—mean Brahman calves that weigh up to 300 lbs. and can smash a roper's ribs with one kick. The roper races against time: on horseback, he must run down and lasso a charging calf, jump off his horse, wrestle the calf on its side, loop three of its legs with a "pigging string," and finish off his handiwork with a nonslip "hokey" hitch. Expert ropers can do it all in ten seconds or less.

The two coppers who dueted fortnight ago in San Angelo are old and bitter rivals. The Texas favorite, Jim Bob Altizer, 30, was the Rodeo Cowboys Association champion in 1959, began roping chickens and dogs when he was still a toddler, graduated to goats at seven. "I've had a rope in my hands ever since I can remember," says Altizer, and his rope has won him a 38,000-acre ranch stocked with 600 Hereford cows, 6,000 sheep, 4,500 angora goats.

Against him stood the champion from Idaho, Dean Oliver, 33, who grew up as a field hand, never saw a big-time rodeo until he was 19. Sleeping on the ground and skipping meals to save money, Oliver taught himself how to handle a rope, won the first of his five Rodeo Cowboys Association championships in 1955. With \$26,656 of prize money won on the rodeo circuit so far this year, Oliver was recognized as king of the ropers everywhere but in Texas. Said one show-me Texan: "We been followin' Jim Bob's tracks through the brush for years. Don't try to sell us on no Idaho dirt farmer."

Not Much. In a regular rodeo, the ropers get two calves apiece. This time it was twelve calves per man, and, by starting time, upwards of \$100,000 had been bet on the match. "I'm not nervous," Oliver insisted. "Not much, anyway. But when you get a thing going like this, with money ridin', you try so much harder. It's the pressure that gets you—not the calves."

After the first four calves, only one-tenth of a second separated the two sweating cowboys. Then Altizer's fifth calf fell when it was lassoed. Roping rules require that a calf be brought up to its feet again and thrown by hand. It took Altizer 21.5 sec. to do the job. Oliver spurted into a 7-sec. lead. Doggedly, Altizer cut the lead to 2.9 sec.—but now he was pressing. He



BOB MCINNEY, SAN ANGELO, STANDARD-JOURNAL
CHAMPION ROPER OLIVER
A potato picker.

missed on his first attempt to lasso his ninth calf, had to whip out a reserve lariat and chase the calf again, lost a few precious seconds. "That done it," groaned an Altizer fan. "He's lost." At the end, Oliver's winning margin was 7.5 sec. The Texans glumly paid off their bets and demanded a rematch.

Louisville Lip

When you come to the fight

Don't block the aisle and don't block the door.

I'll say it again, I've said it before,
Archie Moore will fall in four.

Cassius Marcellus Clay's problem is that nobody wants to take him seriously. Now they may have to. Last week in Los Angeles, the cocky young Kentuckian, known to his friends as the Louisville Lip, made good his brag. Halfway through the fourth round, he knocked out tired old Archie Moore, whose age (either 45 or 48) and 220 fights should have put him in retirement long ago. The victory did something for Clay's prestige as the seventh-ranking heavyweight (Moore, after all,



We're moving to Hartford

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WINNER CLAY
"Ain't I beautiful?"

once was a champion), and it did wonders for his self-esteem, which was unbounded anyway.

At 20, Clay has undoubtedly traveled farther by mouth alone than any fighter in modern years. Winner of the 1960 Olympic light-heavyweight championship, he has fought only 16 pro bouts, and although he has won them all, his opponents have either been downsliding veterans like Moore, who were dazzled by Clay's speed, or lackluster youngsters who seemed mesmerized by his machine-gun prattle. But to hear him tell it, he is now ready to take on Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston. "Ain't I beautiful?" he called to a female admirer. "I'm the greatest!" he informed reporters in the dressing room. "And I'm also the double greatest cause I took him out in four just like I said. If it were up to me I'd fight Liston right now. I'll go put on my trunks and fight him right now." Still another poem recited by yon Cassius:

*As the people left the park, you could hear them say,
Liston will stay king until he meets that Clay.*

What round? "Liston might last eight rounds." Snorted Sonny, who saw it all at ringside: "If Clay lasts eight seconds with me, I'll give him the fight."

Who Won

► The U.S.'s Arnold Palmer and Sam Snead: the 34-nation Canada Cup, emblematic of world golf supremacy, at San Isidro, Argentina. Snead and Palmer took a three-stroke first-round lead, held on to beat Argentina by two strokes.

► Underdog Georgia Tech: a 7-6 victory over previously unbeaten, No. 2-ranked Alabama. Tech fullback Mike McNames intercepted a pass in the second quarter, scored two plays later; Quarterback Billy Lothridge kicked the extra point that handed Bear Bryant's Crimson Tide its first loss in 27 games. Wisconsin mowed down Illinois 35-6, needed only to defeat Minnesota to win the Big Ten championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl. But No. 1-ranked Southern California barely held off Navy, 13-6, unbeaten Missouri lost to Oklahoma and Northwestern was trampled by Michigan State 31-7.

The nicest things happen to people who carry
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK



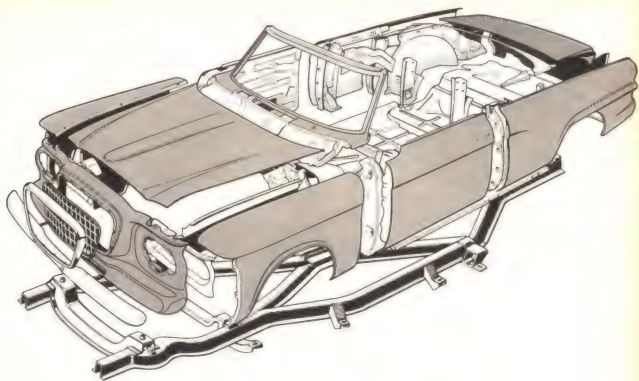
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"THE NEW MUSICAL IS A BRILLIANT TOUR-DE-FORCE."
WATTS, N. Y. POST

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I WANT TO GET OFF**

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Beautiful Exposé

The sum of these parts is a beautiful body. But this "exploded" view is designed to tell another story—and a very important one. Look at it carefully.

Notice that it's *not* a unibody but is carefully constructed on a massive, rigid steel frame similar to the most expensive cars made. Also, note the many different body panels.

In the event of accidental damage, any of these parts can easily be replaced at reasonable cost.

With a frameless car, on the other hand, a collision that bows in the side

as little as three inches may be considered unrepairable because of the prohibitive cost. Not so with the Lark.

For example, a fender can be changed in minutes because it bolts on. The grille too. And the cost of these parts is low.

Furthermore, over 300 rubber grommets, seals, bushings and mouldings keep the Lark squeak and rattle free. Not to mention the exceptional fit and careful construction of all the component parts.

And keep this in mind too. All Lark body panels are thoroughly rustproofed

before assembly, protecting areas that cannot be reached by dipping the completed body.

Take a good close look at a Lark at your Studebaker Dealer. Then drive it. You're in for a pleasant surprise.

The sum of the parts is beautiful value.

'63 AVANTI

—America's Most Advanced Automobile

'63 LARK & LARK Daytona

—Feature Cars of their Class

'63 CRUISER

—America's First and Only Limousette

'63 HAWK

—America's Popular Priced Sports Classic

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Be sure to ask your dealer about the new 24-month/24,000 mile Warranty on all cars from Studebaker!

MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

The Upper Depths

In Chicago, Charlene Scanland was primping in front of the bathroom mirror one morning when a hoarse voice came out of the medicine cabinet saying: "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest one of all?" Replied Charlene, without pausing to analyze the situation: "You are." Later, the owner of the mystery voice came around to find out who had answered the query so sweetly. He was a handsome bachelor who lived in the next

the corned beef and cabbage, or the Liederkrantz cheese. It is a very easy game, but the Talky incinerator system often provides a handicap by giving off all-pervading whiffs of old eggs and sour milk.

Warp & Woof. The turnover in some Manhattan buildings is dizzying. Many families who are lucky enough to have sublet clauses in their leases exercise them within months of moving in—provided they can find a sublessee to take the rap for them. Tales of recalcitrant electronic elevators with wills of their own, narrow



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"OOPS!"

Also a voice in the medicine closet.

apartment, but the story had no romantic ending for Charlene: he married her roommate instead.

Gargle, Rattle. Dwellers in the new "luxury" barracks in many U.S. cities have discovered that the bathroom is no longer humanity's last haven of privacy. Built back-to-back in most buildings for reasons of economy, with thin walls, echoing acoustics and inter-connecting ventilators, bathrooms have turned into monitoring booths. Whether they want to or not, tenants soon become all too familiar with the showering, gargling and flushing schedules of their neighbors.

And the involuntary eavesdropping is not confined to the bathroom: occupants of Manhattan's vast Washington Square Village have long complained that they can lie in bed at night and hear magazine pages being turned in the bed next door. "I know they are reading magazines," says one tenant, "because newspapers rattle more." Packing-crate partitions often reveal more than reading habits, and in many a new jerry-building, whole floors of amateur Chapman reporters dread facing one another in the elevators in the morning.

In one of Detroit's most elegant new buildings, residents often play a sort of gourmet game. They walk along the corridors in the evening trying to guess who is having the roast rack of lamb,

corridors ("Every night when I come home it looks more like a cell block"), warping floors, woofing plumbing and cracking plaster have become standard cocktail lore.

In fact, some of Manhattan's speculative builders have plainly overreached themselves. Though buildings with names like Something East or Something Tower or Something House continue to push up like hoarfrost, and ask staggering prices (one recently built co-op on Fifth Avenue wants \$120,040 for a seven-room apartment, and \$18,576 a year maintenance), some of the tinder-traps-on-Hudson are finding it hard to land customers. Apartment seekers frequently are offered half a year's rent free as a lure. The older, more substantial buildings with high ceilings, soundproof walls, and proper entrance halls and dining rooms are coming back into their own, with the result that most of them are being converted into co-ops by tenants who want to ensure their footholds.

Most sought-after in Manhattan are the city's few remaining brownstones, which have escaped the wrecker's ball, block and dynamite. Old houses that 20 years ago were being abandoned simply because they were out of fashion have become the new symbol of civilized living. Says one high-rise refugee: "We had an apartment on the 28th floor of one of those new

buildings overhanging the river. Sure, it had a great view, but it was like living on a cruise ship. Now we have a parlor floor in a sweet old brownstone in the Village, and they'll have to blast to get us out. The only trouble is, I'm afraid they will."

HOBBIES

Oh Dag, Poor Dag

The sticky, squint-eyed world of the stamp collector was rocked to its very perforations last week. It was a flurry over a flaw, and as every one of the U.S.'s more than 13 million stamp collectors knows, a flaw is worth far more than perfection. Rarity is, of course, the touchstone by which all stamps are valued; but more often than not, a rare stamp is different from millions of its counterparts only because it has some technical disfigurement. To the tweezer-and-magnifying-glass set, discovery of such minor imperfections as missing watermarks or too-much-violet-in-the-carmine is like finding a Rembrandt painted under a Rousseau or a mint-condition 1908 Locomobile in a hay barn.

Sugarplums, College. It began last month when the Bureau of Engraving and Printing turned out 120 million oblong black, brown and yellow stamps to memorialize the late U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. Jewelry Salesman Leonard Sherman, 38, of Irvington, N.J., bought four 50-stamp sheets of the first-day Hammarskjöld, next day took them out of his drawer for a closer look. What he saw made his hands tremble: the yellow background was printed not only off-center but upside down, so that an inverted "4c" mark appeared in ghostly white 50 times on the sheet in the wrong place. Sherman, who has been collecting stamps for only four years, knew the story of the 1918 air-mail stamp, when a sheet of a hundred 24¢ stamps was printed with a quaint old Army Jenny putting along upside down like something out of a flying circus. Individual stamps from that sheet are now worth \$13,000; a center line block of four goes for \$65,000. Visions of philatelic sugarplums began to dance through Sherman's head.

Until he could find out more about their value, Sherman decided to keep quiet about his stamps. Then, last week, he saw a small newspaper item about Gerald Clark, a collector in Ohio who had bought a sheet of the faulty Hammarskjöld, had mailed 31 of them off on letters before a friend pointed out the oddity. Clark checked with local post offices for other flawed stamps, found none, and optimistically figured that his remaining 19 stamps were worth \$200,000. On that basis, Sherman figured that his intact sheet of 50 must be valued at more than \$500,000, started making plans for sending his five sons through college.

Jackpot, Scandal. Vanity overcoming discretion, Sherman phoned the Newark Evening News to boast of his own treasure trove, and the story of his bonanza burst into headlines across the country. In Washington, Postmaster General J. Edward Day reacted hastily. He directed the

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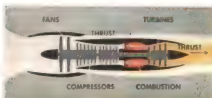


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At right: TWA's DynaFan engine, the Pratt & Whitney JT3D-3. Unlike some jet engines, the DynaFan is a totally integrated fan-and-turbojet system delivering pure, concentrated power.



Nationwide
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Styled for excitement...powered to deliver it!



This year even Monterey's standard engine is a sizzler: a Marauder 390 V-8. Optional V-8's range up to a Super-Marauder 406. Other highlights: rear window slants inward, stays clearer in rain or snow, opens for breezeway ventilation. Monterey shown is the bucket-seat S-55. Also comes as a convertible.



**'63 MERCURY
MONTEREY**



THE HAMMARSKJÖLD 4¢
Flurry over a flow.

printing of 400,000 more Hammarskjölds with the identical imperfect backgrounds—thus knocking down the worth of the originals to little more than the 4¢ they had cost at the post office. Moaned Sherman's wife: "Isn't that lousy?"

Sherman did what he could. He asked the federal courts to issue a restraining order to block the sale. But it came too late. Some 320,000 of the phony collectors' items had been snapped up in under four hours at the department's Philatelic Sales Agency before the order arrived.

Explained Day, now known in stamp collecting circles as the meanest man in the U.S.: "The Post Office Department isn't running a jackpot operation. We are interested in helping the collector of normal stamps and keeping the rank and file—the millions of collectors who are collecting normal stamps—from feeling that somebody has gotten a special advantage over them."

More probably, Day was remembering the scandal stirred up by Postmaster General James A. Farley during the Administration of that Great Big Stamp Collector, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. With an eye to pleasing the boss, Farley had six sheets each of several new issues pulled before they were run through the perforating machines, and presented them to F.D.R. and a few stamp-collecting Farley friends. When one of the recipients tried to sell these souvenirs, U.S. collectors screamed "foul." Farley was threatened with impeachment, and hastily recouped by ordering the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to grind out bundles of identical favor sheets.

Issues, Errors. The Kennedy-Day Administration obviously wanted to invite no such attack. But the stamp world was not appeased. Wrote one reader to the New York Herald Tribune: "Why not take every rare American stamp, reissue and recirculate accordingly? This most certainly would ensure against any 'inflated value' of historically rare issues."

More realistic advice came from Lawrence W. Moltz, a Baltimore stamp dealer, who observed that if the bananaeaters had kept their mouths shut and put their prizes in a safe-deposit box for a few years, "they would have made their fortunes." And CBS Commentator Jack Ster-



PHILATELIST SHERMAN

ling, noting ironically that last week was officially National Stamp Collecting Week, declared it "a holiday devoted to a great hobby that every stamp enthusiast is promoting this year—collecting canceled postmaster generals."

TRADITION Rescued Monument

Progress has always been the great bulldozer, demolishing Greek temples for paving stones and palace walls for slums. How in the New World is the graceful Georgian mansion to withstand the shopping center, or the columned grandeur of Pennsylvania Station to prevail against the flat, glass-curtain wall?

But all over the U.S., citizens are increasingly concerned to hand down to future generations some of the architectural heritage of America's past, and are joining forces to find the ways and means. Their latest victory, and one of the most notable of all, has just been won in the Connecticut industrial and commuting town of Norwalk. There Civil War Profiteer LeGrand Lockwood spent about \$1,500,000 to build himself a 60-room château that is perhaps the finest example of Victorian architectural extravagance still standing.



THE MATHEWS MANSION
Worry over a heritage.

Untidy Warren. The four-story granite house is composed of a series of suites grouped around a central rotunda, lit by a skylight that is invisible from the ground. No expense was spared on the interior fittings. Wrote William J. Murtagh, director of education of the National Trust for Historic Preservation: "It has the best frescoed walls I have ever seen in this country, and the lavishness of the marble and wood inlay work almost defies description."

Lockwood finished his château in 1867, barely in time for the financial panic of 1873, which ruined him. Sold in 1876 to Manhattan Soft-Drink Magnate Charles D. Mathews, it remained in his family until 1938, when his maiden daughter died and the city took over. The mansion soon served as an untidy office-warren for several city agencies. Booking machines jammed two rooms, old schoolbooks cluttered the marble entrance hall, and the Italian suite was stacked with city records.

It was inevitable that the city begin thinking, as cities do, how nice it would be to have a lovely new steel-and-concrete city hall there, with lots of glass and air conditioning and plenty of electrical outlets for the IBM machines.

Group Effort. At this point, some of the citizens in what is normally a civilly unconscious town began to realize what was happening. Led by Manhattan Magazine Editor Carroll Calkins, some 20 of them started what they called the Common Interest Group, which went to work rounding up popular support to save the mansion from the 20th century and for it.

It was a bitter blow for the organizers when the city council decided to pass the buck and put the issue to the voters. Restoration and preservation of the mansion, with the extra money it would cost and the need to find other space for city office work, would certainly be defeated at the polls, they thought.

But when the ballots were counted, the results were 8 to 6 in favor of keeping the Mathews mansion as a historic site. Said Calkins last week: "What happened on election day shows that Americans have a far livelier sense of obligation to the past—and to posterity—than many of our bureaucrats have realized."

MEDICINE

Singular Triumph

For 24 years, Biochemist Choh Hao Li has devoted himself to discovering the functions of a small part of a small, lima-bean-sized gland that is lodged at the base of the human brain. With each experiment the Canton-born professor of biochemistry and endocrinology has come closer than any man before him to explaining how the front half of the human pituitary, the body's master gland controls so many functions through the hormones it manufactures. Because

The natural hormone works like a shat gun and often has a variety of undesirable effects, stimulating the adrenal glands, for example, to produce excesses of other body-controlling hormones. The synthetic short-chain kind offers doctors the hope that it may be used to achieve a specific result in treating a specific disease. Manufactured ACTH can be used to reduce fat stores in the body and possibly to stimulate red-cell production.

Supply & Demand. With the isolation of HGH, Dr. Li pointed the way toward effective treatment of children dwarfed



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LASKER AWARD WINNERS LI & SMADEL
From one hormone, double duty.

his success represents a singular medical triumph. Dr. Li last week was awarded the \$10,000 Albert Lasker Basic Research Award.*

Duplicating Nature. From the pituitary's front lobe, Biochemist Li has isolated no fewer than five other hormones, including the enormously potent adrenocorticotrophic hormone (ACTH). Three other hormones he discovered are involved in the female reproductive cycle; finally there is the human growth hormone (HGH, or somatotropin), which may yet prove to be the most important of all.

Dr. Li and others ferreted out the detailed structure of ACTH by complex and exquisitely delicate analytic processes. Then he set out to duplicate nature, or even improve on it, by making ACTH in the laboratory. The natural hormone contains 39 amino acids in a chain. Dr. Li made chains of 17 and 19 acids, and in some ways those short chains are almost as potent as the whole natural hormone; in other ways they are still more potent.

because of a defect in their pituitary glands. But he is well aware of the difficulties still ahead before such treatment will be practical. Other hormones can be extracted from lower animals and used to treat humans, but growth hormone from lower animals has no effect on human subjects. HGH that can be used on humans must be obtained from humans who have just died—a source that is not likely ever to meet the demand.

The difficulties of synthesizing the hormone promise to be immense; HGH, which contains 256 amino acids, is far more complex than ACTH. But Dr. Li is learning more about it with every experiment. Most recently, he injected HGH into a female monkey, causing her to give milk, even though she had not been pregnant. Now Dr. Li is convinced that the hormone does double duty, controlling not only human growth but almost certainly lactation as well.

Typhoid Granny

There are still some 800 cases of typhoid in the U.S. every year, and in most instances no latter-day Typhoid Mary (1870-1938) can be called to account. The culprit is usually grandma. The indictment was made last week by Dr. Joseph E. Smadel of the National Institutes of Health as he got the Lasker Award for clinical research. Typhoid

* From 1946 through 1960, the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, in cooperation with the American Public Health Association, annually gave several awards of up to \$5,000 each. Now Samuel Bronfman, Seagram's head, bankrolls the A.P.H.A. awards, while the Lasker Foundation independently gives two of \$10,000 each, one in basic medical and one in clinical research.

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Dr. Smadel explained, was relatively common until half a century ago, and about 2% of the victims who recovered became carriers, harboring the bacilli in a mysterious quiescent phase. Some of those carriers eventually became grandmothers.

Most of the current typhoid cases, said Dr. Smadel, occur in groups within a single family after grandma has moved in to help care for a younger generation. If grandfather is with her, he is not likely to have much to do with food handling. But grandma takes over in the kitchen. If she is careless about bathroom cleanliness (the bacilli are transmitted from fecal matter only through food and drink), she gives the youngsters an unwelcome and unexpected gift of typhoid. Their acute illnesses can be cured with chloramphenicol (Chloromycetin). After this modern treatment so few become carriers, they create a negligible problem for the future. But grandma's long-standing carrier condition requires intensive and difficult treatment, which most of the elderly women refuse. It will take another generation, Dr. Smadel suggested, for typhoid in the U.S. to die out.

After the General's Leg

Whatever else he did in his 38 flamboyant years, Daniel Edgar Sickles will be remembered for the way his troops were disposed on unprotected ground at the Battle of Gettysburg, and for the fact that he got shot. Civil War buffs still debate the merit of his deployment, but there is no question that the Confederate cannonball that smashed Sickles' right leg helped to make U.S. medical history. After the leg was amputated, a Union medic showed Sickles a year-old circular that directed medical officers "diligently to collect, and to forward to the office of the Surgeon General, all specimens of morbid anatomy, surgical or medical, which may be regarded as valuable."

Major General Sickles promptly had his leg packed carefully in a coffinlike box and sent it, with his formal calling card bearing the legend "Compliments of D.E.S.," to the new Army Medical Museum in Washington. After pathologists had examined the specimen, the bone was preserved. For years, on the anniversary of the amputation, Peg Leg Sickles went to visit his missing member, often taking friends to join in the macabre ceremony.

Bits & Pieces. Last week, as the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology celebrated the centennial of its founding as the Army Medical Museum, tourists still admired Dan Sickles' leg. They could also gaze at a lock of Lincoln's hair, a bone sliver from his skull, and bullet-shattered vertebrae from Assassin John Wilkes Booth and President James A. Garfield. But pathology, the study of disease processes, has far outgrown the two rear rooms above the Riggs Bank that first housed the Army Medical Museum. The institute, which is a combined effort of all three armed forces, now serves a score of civilian Government agencies; it works closely with independent medical groups and individual doctors around the world.



GENERAL DAN SICKLES
Friends visited the missing member.

Unlike Sickles' leg, the vast majority of the institute's many specimens are not on view in its Independence Avenue museum; they are housed in the working quarters at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center six miles away. There, conscientiously filed, are 700,000 bits of preserved human (and some animal) tissue. There are 12 million pieces that were removed at operations and fixed in paraffin, 14 million slices in slides for microscope study, and 1.1 million case histories. Since 1922, the institute has collected and stored eyes that had to be removed because of disease. Fixed in formaldehyde, wrapped in gauze, and packed in numbered plastic bags is probably the world's most comprehensive collection of hearts attacked by tumors.

Dyes & Light. The institute's members have made their own great contributions to pathology. In 1864 it was one of the old museum's first pathologists, Dr. Joseph Janvier Woodward, who developed the use of newly discovered aniline dyes to stain tissues so that different components became more distinguishable. That same year Dr. Woodward took the first microscope photographs, using the sun as his light source. Major Walter Reed was the pathology museum's curator when he went to Havana as head of the team that convicted mosquitoes of carrying yellow fever, making possible control of the disease—and completion of the Panama Canal. Institute pathologists developed the first typhoid vaccines, using themselves as guinea pigs.

To carry on the traditions of Woodward and Reed, the AFIP annually gives postgraduate training to scores of pathologists. It also gives short, intensive courses for pathology technicians. Last year pathologists from ten foreign countries attended the institute for advanced training. Last year 684,666 visitors also came to stare at Dan Sickles' leg.



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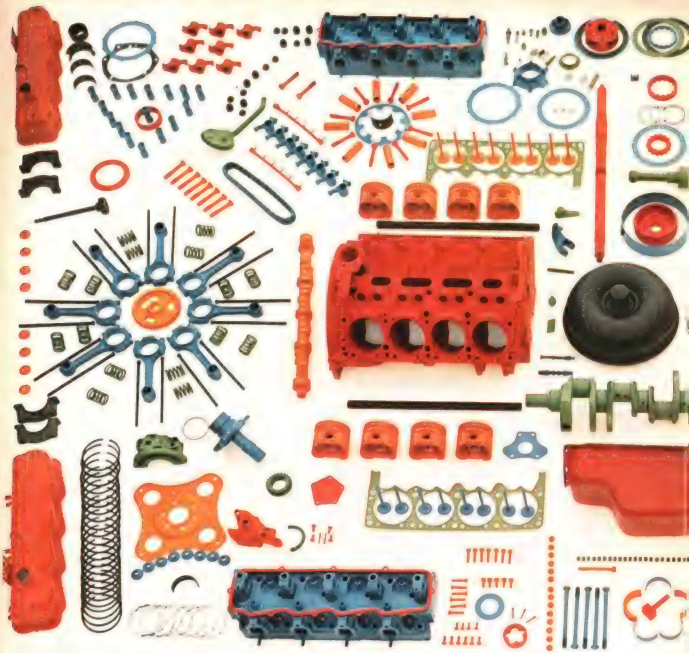
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ASTRONOMY

The moon's visible face has long been mapped, its plains and craters named, its old curves charted. But as U.S. engineers continue their multibillion dollar effort to get the first man-carrying spacecraft to the moon, U.S. astronomers study the earth's only natural satellite with steadily increasing intensity. For if its visitors are to survive, science must provide them with lunar information that has so far defied centuries of observation.

Even the finest optical telescope has yet to supply an answer, so Astronomer David D. Cudaback peered beneath the moon's surface with a vastly different type of instrument. Using the 32 dish-shaped antennas of a Stanford University radio telescope, Dr. Cudaback spent three months measuring the moon's own electronic transmissions. He traced the variations in the moon's electrical characteristics, tracked its composition through yards of abstruse equations and decided that its outer surface is just barely denser than the empty space around it.

The moon, says Astronomer Cudaback, is probably covered by a thick porous layer that is as light and airy as fine-spun cotton candy. It is also possible, he says, that there is a foamy crust of crumbly, crackerjack-like material or a lunar honeycomb with cells intact and filled with gas. The moon got that way, he figures, because it has been bombarded with meteors for billions of years. Striking the moon's skin with enough energy to melt two times their own mass, the meteors



liquefied rock or whatever else they hit, splashing gobs of molten material all over the lunar landscape.

Dr. Cudaback's theory may well supply important information for tomorrow's astronauts, but it also intensifies their problems. The moon's frothy covering is sure to complicate the landing technique of any incoming spaceship.

Protecting the Package

In the desert at China Lake, Calif., Army ordnancemen play catch with artillery shells. It is a dangerous and demanding game. For as scientists cram the shells with proximity fuses and nuclear warheads, the ordnancemen must learn how to protect the package on its way from gun to target. Their research requires that they examine shells after they have been subjected to the searing heat and crunching pressures of firing, but before they have been damaged in landing. So the old-fashioned weapon is getting space age treatment.

The high-powered game of catch begins

with a supersonic rocket sled streaking down three miles of rail shoved by five Nike-Hercules missile engines (see diagram). After traveling along the track for half a mile, the sled is moving at more than 1,000 m.p.h., and its rockets are cut off. Split seconds later, a pair of 155-mm. howitzers beside the track blast away at the decelerating sled. Their shells, moving at 1,088 m.p.h., quickly catch up with the target, slam into it, and are stopped with scarcely a scratch by a bale of synthetic rubber. Then the sled itself splashes to a stop in a trough of water.

The design experiment was devised three years ago by Engineers Anthony Godiucci and Ralph Vecchio from the Army's Picatinny Arsenal in New Jersey. By catching the shells in mid-flight, they are able to assess the damage caused by firing. Hopefully, their observations will help them to prescribe the proper design and materials to maintain the difficult hairline balance between strength and weight. By last week 40 shells had been fired, and new alloys and casing designs have already been contrived for the Army's 155-mm. shells.

Ballistic Ball Game

- 1 Sled is rocketed down track at 1,600 ft. per sec. (1,100 m.p.h.)
- 2 Sled's runners trip switches firing howitzers .01 sec. apart
- 3 Two shells, traveling 150 ft. per sec. faster than sled, are caught undamaged .09 sec. apart
- 4 Sled is stopped by a trap by a mile-long water trough

Diagram labels include: Rocket sled, Howitzer, Target - 4 x 5 ft., 2,200 ft. (670 m.) to sled, 100 ft. (30 m.) to sled, 1,600 ft. (488 m.) to sled, 150 ft. (45 m.) to sled, 175 ft. (53 m.) to sled, First catch, Second catch, 100 ft. (30 m.) to sled, 150 ft. (45 m.) to sled, 175 ft. (53 m.) to sled, 100 ft. (30 m.) to sled, 150 ft. (45 m.) to sled, 175 ft. (53 m.) to sled.

TIME Diagram by R. M. Chinn, Jr.



FOLK SINGERS AT FORT WAYNE'S FOURTH SHADOW
For everybody and anybody.

SHOW BUSINESS

FOLK SINGING

Sibyl with Guitar

[See Cover]

Anything called a hootenanny ought to be shot on sight, but the whole country is having one. A hootenanny is to folk singing what a jam session is to jazz, and all over the U.S. there is a great reverberate twang. Guitars and banjos kimbo: folk singers inhabit smoky metropolitan crawl space; they sprawl on the floors of college rooms; near the foot of ski trails, they keep time to the wheeze and sputter of burning logs; they sing homely lyrics to the combers of the Pacific.

They are everybody and anybody. A civil engineer performs in his off-hours in the folk bins of the Midwest. So do debutantes, university students, even a refugee from an Eastern girl's-school choir. Everywhere, there are bearded fop singers and clean-cut dilettantes. There are gifted amateurs and serious musicians. New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver and San Francisco all have shoals of tiny coffee shops, all loud with basic folk sound—a pinched and studied wail that is intended to suggest flinty hills or clumpy prairies.

Not even the smaller cities are immune. Joliet, Ill., for example, has a folk cave appropriately called The Know Where. Fort Wayne, Ind., has a place called The Fourth Shadow where people squat on the floor and sip espresso by candlelight over doors that have been made into tables. Strings are jumping at The Jolly Coachman in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Incredibly, Omaha, just across the river from Council Bluffs, has two places. The Third Man and The Crooked Ear where queues sometimes run to a hundred head, and the varied clientele—as in all cities—not only have beards, berets, and half-acre sweaters with turtle necks, but also thin-striped ties and no-extra-margin lapels. When something is that big in Omaha, Daddy, it can be said to have arrived.

Cult & Industry. Removed from its natural backgrounds, folk singing has become both an esoteric cult and a light industry. Folk-song albums are all over the bestseller charts, and folk-singing groups command as much as \$10,000 a night in the big niteries. As a cultural fad, folk singing appeals to genuine intellectuals, fake intellectuals, sing-it-yourself types, and rootless root seekers who discern in folk songs the fine basic values of American life. As a pastime, it has staggeringly multiplied sales of banjos and guitars; more than 400,000 guitars were sold in the U.S. last year.

The focus of interest is among the young. On campuses where guitars and banjos were once symptoms of hopeless maladjustment, country twanging has acquired new status. A guitar stringer shows up once a week at the Princeton University Store.

The people who sit in the urban coffeehouses sipping mocha java at 60¢ a cup are mainly of college age. They take folk singing very seriously. No matter how bad a performing singer may be, the least amount of cross talk will provoke an angry shhhh.

These cultists often display unconcealed, and somewhat exaggerated, contempt for entertaining groups like the Kingston Trio and the Limelites. Folk singing is a religion, in the purists' lexicon, and the big corporate trios are its money-changing De Milles. The high pantheon is made up of all the shiftless geniuses who have shouted the songs of their forebears into tape recorders provided by the Library of Congress. These country "authenticities" are the all but unapproachable gods. The tangible sibyl, closer to hand, is Joan Baez.

Her voice is as clear as air in the autumn, a vibrant, strong, untrained and thrilling soprano. She wears no makeup, and her long black hair hangs like a drapery, parted around her long almond face. In performance she comes on, walks

straight to the microphone, and begins to sing. No patter. No show business. She usually wears a sweater and skirt or a simple dress. Occasionally she affects something semi-Oriental that seems to have been hand-sewn out of burlap. The purity of her voice suggests purity of approach. She is only 21 and palpably nubile. But there is little sex in that clear flow of sound. It is haunted and plaintive, a mother's voice, and it has in it distant reminders of black women wailing in the night, of detached madrigal singers performing calmly at court, and of saddened gypsies trying to charm death into leaving their Spanish caves.

Impresarios everywhere are trying to book her. She has rarely appeared in nightclubs and says she doubts that she will ever sing in one again; she wants to be something more than background noise. Her LP albums sell so well that she could hugely enrich herself by recording many more, but she has set a limit of one a year. Most of her concerts are given on college campuses.

She sings Child ballads* with an ethereal grace that seems to have been caught and stopped in passage in the air over the 18th century Atlantic. *Barbara Allen* (Child 84) is one of the set pieces of folk singing, and no one sings it as achingly as she does. From *Lonesome Road to All My Trials*, her most typical selections are so mournful and quietly desperate that her early records would not be out of place at a funeral. More recently she has added some lighter material to create a semblance of variety, but the force of sadness in her personality is so compelling that even the wonderful and instructive lyrics of *Copper Kettle* somehow manage



* Harvard Professor Francis J. Child's five-volume *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, published between 1882 and 1898, is still the definitive anthology in its field. Folk-singership absolutely requires that a ballad be referred to as Child 11, Child 700, or Child 200 rather than Lord Randal, Gypsy Laddie, or Gordie.



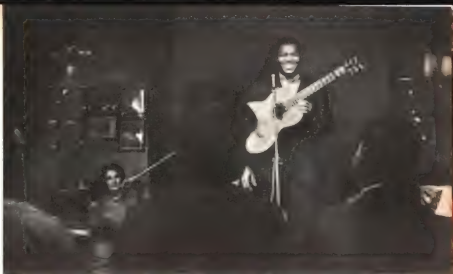
to portend a doom deeper than a jail sentence

*Build your fire with hickory—
Hickory and ash and oak.
Don't use no green or rotten wood,
That'll get you by the smoke.
While you lay there by the juniper,
It kills the moon is bright,
It kills them legs a-bling
In the pale moonlight.*

That song is a fond hymn to the contemplative life of the moonshiner, but Joan Baez delivers it in a manner that suggests that all good lives, respectable or not, are soon to end.

The people who promote her records and concerts are forever saying that "she speaks to her generation." They may be right, since her generation seems to prefer her to all others. If the subtle and emotional content of her attitude is getting through to her contemporaries, she at least has an idea of what she is trying to say to them and why they want to hear it. "When I started singing, I felt as though we had just so long to live, and I still feel that way," she says. "It's looming over your head. The kids who sing feel they really don't have a future—so they pick up a guitar and play. It's a desperate sort of thing, and there's a whole lost bunch of them."

Mobile Start. Joan Baez (she pronounces it Bay-zee) was born on Staten Island, Jan. 9, 1941. But both her parents were foreign-born. Her mother was English-Scottish, the daughter of an Episcopal minister and professor of dramatic art who migrated to the U.S. Her father was born in Mexico and was also a minister's son. He arrived in the U.S. at the age of seven when his father was sent to work with the Spanish-speaking community in New York City. The two met at Drew University, in Madison, N.J., where he discovered an interest in physics and made it his life's work. His academic career has been highly mobile, taking him to various universities and cities ranging from Los Angeles to Buffalo to Baghdad to Boston and, most recently,



HOOTENANNY AT MANHATTAN'S FOLK CITY
Simple values and a sense of history.

Paris, where he is now a consultant for UNESCO.

Along the way, young Joan and her two sisters learned some memorable lessons in bigotry. When Dr. Baez was doing military research in Buffalo, for example, he thought it would be a pleasant experience to settle in a small and typical American town. He chose Clarence Center, N.Y. (pop. 900), where the senile old man who was their next-door neighbor scowled at Joan's dark Mexican skin and said: "Niggers." The Baezes in turn called the neighbor "Old Bogey." To keep Old Bogey confused, they sank a plug spout into a telephone pole outside his house and hung a maple-syrup bucket on it. "We knew that he would be full of contempt for our supposed ignorance of maple tapping," says Dr. Baez, "but we knew that he could not resist peeking into the bucket. We were in stitches of laughter, peeping from our window when he would come by, look around furtively, and peek into the bucket. Then we began to put things in the bucket, water and so on. He was astonished. Poor Old Bogey."

In Redlands, Calif., Joan found a situation that cut deeper than one old crank. The Mexican schoolchildren there play in separate groups from the "whites." Observably, the dominant tone of Joan's personality changed from ebullience to melancholy. Her 14th birthday came, and she said something she would repeat often: "Mummy, I don't want to grow up."

She went to high school in Palo Alto, walked barefoot on the campus, got A's in music and B's in biology, studying only what appealed to her. She bought a Sears, Roebuck guitar and also sang in the school choir, but there were no particular stirrings of a future career, least of all in folk singing. The music on the phonograph at home was Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi. Her voice at the time was, by her description, "straight as a pin." She would stand before her bathroom mirror, jiggling her Adam's apple with her forefinger, in an effort to induce a vibrato—with no idea how stunning it would be when it eventually came to her.

Resentful Stones. After she finished high school, the family moved to Boston, where her father had picked up a mosaic of jobs with Harvard, M.I.T., Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, and the Smithsonian Institution. They had scarcely settled when Dr. Baez came home one night and said, "Come, girls. I have something to show you." He took them to Tulla's Coffee Grinder, where amateur folk singers could bring their guitars and sing.

Joan was soon singing there and in similar places around Boston. She spent a month or so at Boston University studying theater—the beginning and end of college for her—and she met several semipro folk singers who taught her songs and guitar techniques. She never studied voice or music, or even took the trouble to study folklore and pick up songs by herself. Instead, she just soaked them up from those around her. She could outsing anybody, and she left a trail of resentful steppingstones behind her.

She sang in coffeehouses in and around Harvard Square that were populated by what might be called the Harvard under-

JOAN BAEZ IN OUTDOOR CONCERT IN CARMEL HIGHLANDS, CALIF.





DR. & MRS. BAEZ
Many moves.

world—drifters, somewhat beat, with Penguin classics protruding from their blue jeans and no official standing at Harvard or anywhere else. They pretended they were Harvard students, ate in the university dining halls and sat in on some classes. Joan Baez, who has long been thought of as a sort of otherworldly beatnik because of her remote manner, long hair, bare feet and burlap wardrobe, actually felt distaste for these academic bums from the start. "They just lie in their pads, smoke pot, and do stupid things like that," she says.

They were her first audiences, plus Harvard boys and general citizens who grew in number until the bums were choked out. She was often rough on them all. She ignored their requests if she chose to. When one patron lisped a request to her, she cruelly lisped in reply. When another singer turned sour in performance, Joan suddenly stood up in the back of the room and began to sing, vocally stabbing the hapless girl on the stage into silence.

Sometime Thing. She made one friend. His name is Michael New. He is Trinidad English, 23 years old, and apparently aimless—a sulky, moody, pouting fellow whose hair hangs down in golden ringlets. He may go down in history as the scholar who spent three years at Harvard as a freshman. "I was sure it would only last two weeks as usual," says Joan. "But then after three weeks there we were, still together. We were passionately, insanely, irrationally in love for the first few months. Then we started bickering and quarreling violently." Michael now disappears for months at a time. But he always comes back to her, and she sometimes introduces him with her husband.

In the summer of 1959, another folk singer invited her to the first Folk Festival at Newport, R.I. Her clear-lighted voice poured over the 13,000 people collected there and chilled them with surprise. The record-company leg-and-fang men closed in. "Would you like to meet Mitch, Baby?" said a representative of Columbia Records, dropping the magic name of Mitch Miller, who is Columbia's top pop artists-and-repertoire man when he isn't waving to his mother on TV. "Who's Mitch?" said Joan.

The record companies were getting a rude surprise. Through bunk and ballyhoo, they had for decades been turning sows' ears into silk purses. Now they had found a silk purse that had no desire to become a sow's ear. The girl did not want to be exploited, squeezed, and stuffed with cash. Joan eventually signed with a little outfit called Vanguard, which is now a considerably bigger outfit called Vanguard.

Cats & Doctors. Somewhere along the line, Joan Baez' family became Quakers, but Joan herself is not a Friend. "Living is my religion," she says. She practices it currently on California's rugged coast. She has lived there for more than a year, including eight months in the Big Sur region in a squalid cabin with five cats and five dogs. The cabin was a frail barque adrift on a sea of mud, and sometimes when Joan opened the front door, a comber of fresh mud would break over the threshold and flow into the living room. When she couldn't stand it any more, she moved to cleaner quarters in nearby Carmel.

She does not like to leave the area for more than a short concert tour, for her psychiatrist is there and she feels that she must stay near him. He is her fourth "shrink," as she calls analysts, and the best ever. Mercurial, subject to quickly shifting moods, gentle, suspicious, wild and frightened as a deer, worried about the bugs she kills, Joan is anything but the harsh witch that her behavior in the Cambridge coffeehouses would suggest. Sympathetic friends point out that her wicked manner in those days was in large part a cover-up for her small repertory. She could not have honored most requests if she had wanted to. Actually, friends insist, she is honest and sincere to a fault, sensitive, kind and confused. She once worked to near exhaustion at the Perkins School for the Blind near Boston.

Segregation & Sentiment. Like many folk singers, she is earnestly political. She has taken part in peace marches and ban-the-bomb campaigns. Once in Texas she broke off singing in the middle of a concert to tell the audience that even at the risk of embarrassing a few of them, she wanted to say that it made her feel good to see some colored people in the room. "They all clapped and cheered," she says. "I was so surprised and happy."

She is a lovely girl who has always attracted numerous boys, but her wardrobe would not fill a hatbox. She wears almost no jewelry, but she has one material

hauble. When a Jaguar auto salesman looked down his nose at the scruffily dressed customer as she peered at a bucket-seat XKE sports model, she sat down, wrote a giant check, and bought it on the spot. Wildly, she dashes across the desert in her Jaguar, as unsecured as a grain of flying sand. "I have no real roots," she says. "Sometimes, when I walk through a suburb with all its tidy houses and lawns, I get a real feeling of nostalgia. I want to live there and hear the screen door slam. And when I'm in New York, it sometimes smells like when I was nine, and I love it. I look back with great nostalgia on every place I've ever lived. I'm a sentimental kind of a goof."

A Singing Map. With that much capacity for nostalgia, it is a paradoxical wonder that she is not more interested in folk history. "I don't care very much about where a song came from or why—or even what it says. All I care about is how it sounds and the feeling in it." True, it is of only academic interest that a song called *In the Bright Mohawk Valley* migrated west from stream to stream, new title to new title, until it settled down in the *Red River Valley* as a Western woman's torch song for her cowboy-errand. Similarly, a British ballad called *The Unfortunate Rake*, about a soldier dying of syphilis, went through several mutations before it traveled to Texas and became the national anthem of the trackless range, *The Streets of Laredo*.

But more significantly, as Anthologist Alan Lomax says in the opening line of his *Folk Songs of North America*, "the map sings." Anyone who takes the time to seek out the anthologies or listen to some of the field-taped recordings sold by the Library of Congress' Archive of American Folk Song will get an unmatchable focus on the fine detail of American his-



MICHAEL NEW
One friend.

22 With Sister Mimi, beneath a portrait of Joan, and five.



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tory. What is more, the folk songs bring it back alive. The West, for example:

*Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy
from Pike*

*Who crossed the big mountains with
her lover Ike,*

*With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow
dog,*

*A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted
hog.*

Something called *Kansas Boys* offers the discouraging word about prairie architecture that *Home on the Range* left out:

*Come all young girls, pay attention to
my noise,*

*Don't fall in love with the Kansas
boys . . .*

*Some live in cabins with a huge log
wall,*

*Nary a window in it at all,
Sandstone chimney and a punchcon
floor,*

Clapboard roof and a button door . . .

People who squatted on Government land were engaged in a clumsy bet against bureaucracy, but they sang

*Hurrah for Lane County, the land of
the free,*

*The home of the grasshopper, bedbug
and flea.*

*I'll sing loud her praises and boast of
her fame.*

*While starving to death on my govern-
ment claim.*

If they did not happen to be in Lane County, they were usually bright enough to substitute their own whereabouts.

Cowboys liked to think they were beholden to no one. *The Lone Star Trail* is full of defiance in the saddle:

*I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can;
I won't punch cattle for no damn man.*

But they frequently ran out of guts when the sun went down and, according to Poet-Anthologist Carl Sandburg, stood around in circles with their arms draped across one another's shoulders, moaning

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie

*Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er
me,*

*Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the
wind blows free.*

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.
So it went for every other part of the country as well. Anyone within earshot was invited to

Drop a tear for Big Foot Sal

The best damn cook on the Erie Canal,
and the timber drover *Bigerlow* was lofted into song as the *Old Ironsides* of all Great Lakes barges. Labor songs, in fact, not only chronicled the building of the nation but also played a part in the actual work, from the winch-hauling shanties of New England sailors to the rhythmic songs of the free-swinging lumberjacks of the great Pacific Northwest. There was even a song that helped people put up rail-and-post fences. And in the most often repeated labor song of all—wherein John Henry, the Negro Paul Bunyan, works himself to death trying to compete with a steam hammer—the onslaught of the machine makes itself felt as it never could in a thousand pages of conventional history.

Bottles & Skirmishes. Folk singing today is a multilateral practice. It is on one hand art, on another entertainment—terms which are not mutually exclusive, except to the purists. In the purists' severe canon, which holds that it is not art unless it is faintly boring, there are three categories.

The Commercial category—also labeled the Impures or the Popularizers—is led by the Kingston Trio, which is probably the most scorched threesome since Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Humbly describing themselves only as "folk-oriented" singers, they crack jokes and sing songs that only vaguely resemble the old straight sour mash. When purist critics seek an example of everything that is corrupt about folk singing, they always pick on the hapless Kingstons. First off, the trio has made as much as \$30,000 a week, and this is unforgivably crude. Next, they smooth down, harmonize, and slicken the lyrics, embellishing the whole with gimcrack corn. But, carping aside, the Kingstons are accomplished entertainers, and many of their critics, Johnny-come-latelies to purity, forget that they probably would never have heard of folk music if they had not been first attracted by a heel-stomping ditty rendered by the Kingston Trio.

Competing with the Kingstons for all those filthy gate receipts are other groups like the Limeliters, Peter-Paul-and-Mary, and the Chad Mitchell Trio, whose most celebrated number is an imitation folk song called *The John Birch Society*:

*Join the John Birch Society, there is
so much to do.*

*Have you heard they're serving vodka
at the W.C.T.U.?*

And the Brothers Four:

*Frogg went a-courtin' and he did go
To the Coconut Grove for the mid-
night show . . .*

Burl Ives, who also did much to engender the present interest in folk singing, has long since been dipped in taint, chiefly because of his popularity. Harry Bela-



JEAN RITCHIE
Over the dinner dishes.

fonte, embalmed in his riches, goes right on even though he has long been called Harry Belafony by folkier-than-thou types. Harry has committed several crimes. Mainly, he has made plenty money. Also, he is backed up by an orchestra large enough to support *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

Hard Times. At the other extreme are the Pures, the Authentics, the Real Articles—singers who are above criticism because they are living source material. Most are nameless, or at least obscure, an important characteristic for true greatness in the field. Kentucky's Jean Ritchie, 39, is perhaps the best-known authentic. She comes from a town called Viper, in Perry County, and she sings without accompaniment in a pancake-flat voice the songs her mother taught her while she wiped the dinner dishes.

Frank Proffitt, 49, is the most interesting contemporary authentic. His first LP album was made via tape recorder in his cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It includes straightforward lyrics like these:

*I didn't have no hog to kill,
I went and set me up a little bittry still.*

*It's hard times on the Beaver Dam
Road.*

Hard times, poor boy.

Proffitt lives near Beaver Dam Road in Watauga County, North Carolina. His voice is flat, coarse, aloof and unsentimental. Close your eyes and you can smell the corn mash in the still and see the heat waves over the road. Proffitt makes his own fretless banjos, cutting down hardwoods and killing groundhogs to get his materials. Years ago, he sang a song called *Tom Dula* for a visiting folk scholar. It was later recorded by the Kingston Trio as *Tom Dooley*. If any one event touched off the present folk boom in popular music, that was it. The Kingstons have sold more than 2.6 million copies of the song and many other singers have recorded it, too. Proffitt's reward has been



FRANK PROFFITT
Out of the sour mash.

approximately zero dollars, zero cents. Hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.

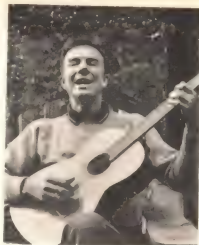
Great Names. Much backbiting, infighting, frontal assault and crossfire occur in the vast middle ground occupied by the Semipures, the Adapters, the Interpreters. Joan Baez, being the most celebrated of them just now, is the one most under attack. By other singers, disorganized coffeehouse groups, and organized critics like the editors of the *Little Sandy Review* (folk singing's self-appointed "conscience"), she is sniped at for her failure to study, for not training her voice, for using folk material to express her own feelings, for singing nearly everything sadly. If she were to study zealously, take voice lessons, disguise her emotions and sing like a revivalist, she would be blasted for tampering with nature.

Like Joan Baez, the big names in folk singing belong in this middle group. Many of them have been songsmiths in their own right, and all have been devoted to creating and re-creating folk music with feeling rather than negotiable embellishment. Chief among them was the late Huddie Ledbetter, a felonious Negro known as Leadbelly, who is folk singing's one immortal. He was so great he was almost authentic. He spent much of his career behind bars for murder and other pastimes, but on both sides of the walls he was a natural, whooping primitive, shouting in primary rhythms with a voice as clear and incomprehensible as an echo.

After Leadbelly, names like Woodrow Wilson ("Woody") Guthrie and William L. C. ("Big Bill") Broonzy are the ones to drop in folksville. Both were drifters who wrote songs, sang them, made no money, and tended the flame. Guthrie, 50, who has been terribly ill with a nervous disease for the past eight years and is now at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, is an Oklahoman who never held a job more than a week or so, always needed a shave, and sang for anybody who cared to listen—timber workers on the edge of the Great Lakes, sharecroppers in the South. Today's young folk singers show a widespread predilection for Woody Guthrie songs, especially *Hard Travelin'* and *This Land Is Your Land*.

Darlings & Buddhas. Big Bill Broonzy died in 1958. Mainly a blues singer, he was the unwashed darling of purist fans, but he had short patience with all the folk curators who insist that a true folk song has to be of unknown authorship and come down through the oral tradition. "I guess all songs is folk songs," he said. "I never heard no horse sing 'em."

The tradition of Broonzy and Guthrie is being carried on by a large number of disciples, most notably a promising young hobo named Bob Dylan. He is 21 and comes from Duluth. He dresses in sheepskin and a black corduroy Huck Finn cap, which covers only a small part of his long, tumbling hair. He makes visits to Woody Guthrie's hospital bed, and he delivers his songs in a studied nasal that has just the right clothes-pin-on-the-nose honesty to appeal to those who most deeply care. His most celebrated song is *Talkin' New York*—about his first visit to the city,



PETE SEEGER
A husk in the throat.

during the cold winter of 1961, when he discovered "Green Witch Village."

But the current patriarch of folk singing is Pete Seeger. A Harvardman who quit college to wander through the country collecting songs, Seeger has sung at least 50 LP albums. In 1949 he organized a group called the Weavers that won a tall reputation for quadripartite purity. Seeger commands so much respect among folk singers that the only criticism ever leveled against him^o is that he

Excerpt by the House Un-American Activities Committee, which cited him for contempt of Congress some years ago when he refused to answer their questions about his performances before Communist-line groups. He was finally convicted in 1961, but last May the U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the decision. While the case was under review, Joan Baez dedicated a song to Seeger in every concert she gave. Folk singing has always been closely allied with social protest and liberal politics. "There's never been a good Republican folk singer," says Joan.



ODETTA
A brawny range.

can't carry a tune. But that gives him the seal of authenticity. His voice sounds as if a cornhusk were stuck in his throat.

Eclectics & Elegants. In the great miscellany of contemporary folk singers, there is something for everybody. Arty eclectics such as Theodore Bikel and Richard Dyer-Bennett sing anything from anywhere with a lofty and cosmopolitan distinction. Jean Redpath sings the songs of her own Scotland with plaintive elegance; Miriam Makeba, an extraordinarily popular nightclub performer in this country, conveys the passion of the African chants she learned as a girl in South Africa.

The great Odetta, born Odetta Felious in Birmingham, is currently under fire for doing a blues album that is closer to jazz than folk. But she remains one of the best folk singers going: her brawny female baritone can run through a wider variety of mood and matter than most singers would dare attempt. The best bluegrass (a polite synonym for hillbilly) is being done by Nashville's Lester Flatt. Earl Scruggs and the Foggy Mountain Boys, cultural descendants of Tennessee's Carter Family, whose records—made in the '30s—are still the standard canon of bluegrass. Scruggs is the world's most famous banjo picker, and his swift style is often imitated. "I'd like to be able to do it," admits North Carolina's Frank Proffitt in a reserved drawl, "and then not do it."

Parody & Power. There are, in fact, so many active professional folk singers that hootenannies often turn into games of king-of-the-mountain, as eager youth, male and female, storms the stage. In Greenwich Village's Folk City, dozens of album jackets hang from the ceiling like Christmas cards, and nearly all the names and faces they display are triumphantly obscure. Every other crowd alive is a folk singer who has made at least one album. In response to that sort of popularity, a parody was inevitable.

High on Variety's best-seller chart last week was something called *My Son the Folk Singer* by Allan Sherman. The melodies are truish, and the words are Jewish. *Greensleeves* becomes *Greenbaum*, *Matilda* becomes *My Zelda*, who "took the money and ran with the tailor." Another fellow has lost his best salesman and his business is failing. It could be that there are other factors involved, but "Gimme Jack Cohn and I don't care, gimme Jack Cohn and I don't care . . ."

Folk singing may be a fad just now, but it will never roll off like the Hula Hoop. As its long history demonstrates, it has staying power. It is something that people who are constantly bathed in canned entertainment can do for themselves. At its best, it unpromptedly calls up a sense of history. It shines with language in which short words and images go long distances, upstream all the way against the main currents of polished grammar. And, unpromptedly, it dusts off the sturdier and simpler values of American life—some of which are against the law.

*You just lay there by the juniper,
While the moon is bright,
Watch them jugs a-billing
In the pale moonlight.*

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ART



MINNEAPOLIS' FRA ANGELICO
"You had better add a Goya . . .

From the Dwindling Supply

During a visit to Madrid one day around the turn of the century, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer of Manhattan hustled into the hotel room of her millionaire husband and airily announced that she was going out to buy an El Greco. With her was Mary Cassatt, the noted American impressionist, who was helping the Havemeyers build their great art collection. Said Sugar Tycoon Havemeyer: "You had better add a Goya while you are about it." Replied Painter Cassatt: "Perhaps we may. Who knows?" And with that, the two ladies swept out of the room and off to their mission.

This week Washington's National Gallery announced that the Goya that Mrs. Havemeyer bought was now in its possession, the gift of the Havemeyers' daughter, Mrs. Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen of Morristown, N.J. It is perhaps the most spectacular of the treasures that have recently been added to the collec-

tions of U.S. museums (see color). It is an icily majestic portrait of Arthur Wellesley, who was then in the process of driving Napoleon's troops out of Spain, and was to become the first Duke of Wellington, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, Grandee of Spain, and later Prime Minister of England.

The acquisition of a Goya would be a noteworthy event no matter what the subject, but a Goya Wellington attracts added interest these days. Goya painted three: the one in Washington, a less successful Wellington on horseback in London's Wellington Museum, and the bust-length portrait that was stolen last year from the National Gallery in London.

"Viva Velinton!" When the Spanish master met the then Lord Wellington in 1812, the 43-year-old Briton was the idol of Spain. The streets echoed with cries of "Viva Velinton!," and beautiful women rushed forward to cover him with kisses. Had Goya been a less truthful artist, he might have tried to idealize the man into some sort of benign hero surrounded by the trappings of glory.

But the future duke, who had little respect for artists, quickly found that there are artists who have little respect for dukes. In this austere portrait, the trappings of glory are absent. Even the order of the Golden Fleece is hidden beneath the cloak, and the sharp-featured face is neither benign nor particularly heroic. Goya painted exactly what he saw: a cold and contemptuous Englishman who regarded the exuberance of the Spaniards as rather poor taste.

The antagonism between the soldier and the artist was duly reported by Mrs. Havemeyer in her privately printed memoirs. At one point, she wrote, Wellington bluntly told Goya that the portrait would never do and would have to be changed. In a rage, Goya started to pick up a pistol lying on a table near by, and Wellington went for his sword. "Fortunately the two great men were separated before they could do greater harm than to express their opinions of each other," wrote Mrs. Havemeyer. "Goya would never change the portrait nor allow Wellington any longer to pose for him." The artist had finished Wellington's face, and he painted the rest of the picture from a hired model.

Canaletto to Cézanne. Other U.S. museums were also savoring their latest treasures, made all the more precious because the supply of old masters available is constantly dwindling. The Yale University Art Gallery has added Rubens' turbulent *Hero and Leander*, painted around 1606, when the artist was under 30. It is a painting of tragic fury with the kind of magnificent melodrama that was to appeal to the 19th century romantics.

Harvard's Fogg Museum, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, and the Los Angeles County Museum have acquired Cézannes. The Philadelphia Museum of Art put up \$28,000 for Walt Kuhn's *Athlete in White Face*. The Rhode Island School of Design got a 15th century panel, originally made for an altar in

Utrecht. The Minneapolis Institute of Art now has a rarity: one of the few Fra Angelicos ever to cross the Atlantic.

The Dayton Art Institute, which is now showing a large exhibition of the long-overlooked school of Genoa, has been given paintings by the two best artists in the group—Cambiasso and Magnasco. In Detroit, Mrs. Edsel Ford gave to the Institute of Art a 15th century Flemish sculpture called *Lamentation over the Body of the Dead Christ* that was carved after a design by Rogier van der Weyden and for centuries belonged to the Dukes of Arenberg. The Cleveland Art Museum's acquisitions in the old master class range from a landscape by Claude Lorrain through a newly discovered drawing by Rembrandt to a sweeping view by Canaletto of Venice's Piazza San Marco.

The three Rembrandts given to the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford (see overleaf) show a moody trio. The young artist is lost to everything but his own thoughts. The gentle Saskia shows two complementary aspects of Rembrandt: the artist who could look into his wife's mind and yet remain fascinated by the texture of her heavily embroidered gown. The brooding landscape displays Rembrandt's vision of landscape as a wide stage on which the drama of nature is acted—trees pitted against sky, light battling with shadow, serenity threatened by a gathering storm.

From a Dilapidated Barn

As welcome as a new acquisition is an undamaged reacquisition, and last week Saint-Tropez' Annociade Municipal Museum was readying its blank walls to receive 56 canvases heisted last year in one of the Riviera's most daring *fric-fractions* (TIME, July 28, 1961). Tipped off by an anonymous letter to France's Minister for Cultural Affairs, André Malraux, police found the robbers' cache stashed away in a dilapidated barn 50 miles west of Paris. The \$1,500,000 worth of art, including works by Matisse, Dufy, Utrillo and Bonnard, had come through the ordeal almost unscathed; among the rolled-up canvases, only two were slightly damaged.



PHILADELPHIA'S WALT KUHN
... while you are about it."

NEW ACQUISITIONS At U.S. Museums

NATIONAL GALLERY in Washington, D.C. was given this Goya *Portrait of Duke of Wellington* by Mrs. Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen, daughter of the H. O. Havemeyers, who had one of top U.S. collections at turn of century.



YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY bought famous *Hero and Leander* by Peter Paul Rubens for undisclosed price from a London dealer. Painted in about 1626, when Rubens was 20, the work may once have belonged to Rembrandt.





WADSWORTH ATHENEUM in Hartford, Conn., got three paintings attributed to Rembrandt, each from a different donor. *Portrait of an Artist*, done about 1630, was



given by Robert Lehman. *Portrait of Saskia* came from a Manhattan collector, John E. Roventsky, while *Landscape with a Cottage* was gift of three Fairfield, Conn., donors.



RELIGION

The Cardinal's Setback

The motto on Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani's Vatican coat of arms is *Semper Idem* (Always the Same), and the rigid Ottaviani has clearly and consistently argued that the Roman Catholic Church should resist change. As secretary of the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, Ottaviani, 72, has diligently searched out those whom he considers modernists and heretics. As undisputed leader of conservative opinion at the Second Vatican Council, he has opposed reform as vigorously as he once opposed the idea of holding the council. But last week, as the Vatican Council's forces for change demonstrated their swelling strength, even Ottaviani supporters realized that *Semper Idem* is a hopeless cause.

Ottaviani's first collision came three weeks ago while he was heatedly warning the council that the schema proposing changes in Catholic liturgy bordered on heresy. Reminded by the presiding cardinal that his speech exceeded the ten-minute time limit, Ottaviani sat down. His fellow prelates clapped, applauding the ruling. Outraged and hurt, Ottaviani boycotted council sessions for ten days. Last week the proposal for liturgical reforms, which promise to make the Mass "more vital and informative for the faithful in accordance with present pastoral requirements," passed, 2,162 to 46.

Two Arcs. Nor did Cardinal Ottaviani have any luck in battles outside the council. Last week, he asked Pope John XXIII to order Austria's liberal Jesuit Theolo-

gian Karl Rahner out of Rome, and to censure the Jesuit-run Biblical Institute (which by its existence implies critical study of the Scriptures). The Pope's answer quickly spread through Vatican circles: "It is only recently that I have learned of this attack on the Biblical Institute," he told Ottaviani. "Why didn't you let me know sooner? As far as Father Rahner is concerned, I have not been shown that he has committed any errors. Why don't you discuss this with Cardinal König?" Vienna's liberal Franziskus Cardinal König, who brought Rahner to Rome as his personal theologian, is hardly likely to send him home.

Ottaviani's most significant defeat came in discussion of the draft constitution on Scripture and tradition proposed by the commission he heads. Liberals believe that Scripture and tradition should be "like two arcs in the same searchlight"—a change that would delight Protestants, who have long been put off by Catholic emphasis on tradition. But Ottaviani's proposals reflect the opposite view: that Scripture and tradition are two separate "founts of revelation," that Scripture must be read under "ecclesiastical guidance."

"Negative Tone." One by one, eminent cardinals rose to attack Ottaviani's draft. Joseph Elmer Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis, a longtime friend of Ottaviani, complained that the proposal had a "pessimistic, negative tone." Biblical Scholar Augustin Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, said that the proposed constitution "would close the door to intellectual Europe and the outstretched hands of friendship in the old and new world."

Two powerful cardinals—Palermo's Ruffini and Genoa's Siri—supported Cardinal Ottaviani, who remarked to a friend, "We're always with Peter and under Peter, even when he is in the greatest danger." But others were not so sure. Said one Irish bishop: "We have had a mistaken idea that Cardinal Ottaviani represents the Holy See. We'll have to revise our definition of what the Holy See is."

It was the Holy See rather than the council that ordered a specific change in liturgy last week. Pope John decreed that the name of St. Joseph be inserted after that of Mary in the Canon, the most solemn part of the Mass. The Pontiff's motive for making the first Canon change since the 7th century was billed as an honor for the patron of the council, but the timing was strange. Extra honor for Joseph had been discussed inconclusively in the council. Council fathers conjectured that the Pope might be setting an example of liturgical change—or that he might be showing that final authority rested with him. Some saw the inclusion as a minor matter. Complained one theologian during the council discussion: "Half the world doesn't even believe in God, and we worry about St. Joseph."



GLUTTONY (BY BRUEGEL)
Every man knows about lust.

Those Fine Old Deadly Sins

Seven were the sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth—that the early Christian theologians labeled capital, or deadly, on the ground that they led to the commission of other offenses against God.* For most 20th century men, the list seems a trifle quaint. In a world where millions are hungry because there is too little food, and millions more because they are dieting, gluttony, for example, takes on certain ironies.

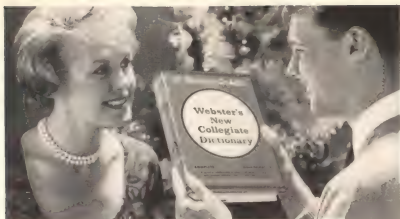
To investigate the current state of these fine old sins, London's Sunday Times recently commissioned essays on them from a septet of England's wiliest, wittiest penmen. Nontheologians all, the Sunday Times sin samplers range from longtime agnostic and critic Cyril Connolly, whose report on covetousness is a jaunty little tale of how a greedy antique collector comes to a Bad End, to Roman Catholic Poetess Dame Edith Sitwell, who rather admired the sin assigned to her, "Pride may be my own besetting sin," she wrote, "but it is also my besetting virtue. Certainly my life has been spent in saying 'Ha ha among the trumpets.'" Among the other contributions, published in the U.S. this week as *The Seven Deadly Sins* (Morrow; \$3.50):

• **ENVY.** writes Novelist Angus (*Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*) Wilson, is perhaps the drouest of sins, since "it knows no gratification save endless self-torment." Wil-

* The church fathers were very keen on distinguishing varieties of sin. Their basic distinction, still followed by most Christian moralists, is between mortal and venial. A mortal sin is a freely willed, deliberate offense against God on a serious matter, deserving of eternal punishment. A venial sin is a spiritual misdeed, involving a less serious matter, or a grave transgression that the sinner did not know was serious, or did not really want to commit. Deadly sins are evil states of mind that can include or lead to mortal and venial sins.



OTTAVIANI WITH THE POPE
They clapped when he sat down.



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son finds the Green Evil everywhere, and suggests it is becoming more prevalent as examinations, from college boards to corporate psychological tests, determine who is up and who is down in life. Writers and actors are notoriously liable to envy and "ambitious clergymen, service officers and shop stewards appear to suffer most." But perhaps the most obnoxious form of the sin today is Western Europe's pervasive anti-Americanism. "There are grievances against America which deserve consideration from everyone," says Wilson. "But anti-Americanism is quite another thing; it is an impotent envy which does nothing but disgrace the speaker. Hear a group of rich, beleaguered French or Italian or Spanish describing the necessity for a civilized Europe where American barbarism cannot interfere. There are few more nauseating sounds in the modern world."

• **SLOTH**, which St. Thomas defined as "sadness in the face of spiritual good," is very much present in modern novels and plays, writes Evelyn Waugh. It is personified by the man who lost his faith "as though faith were an extraneous possession like an umbrella, which can be inadvertently left behind in a railway-carriage." Waugh also argues that a sin closely allied to sloth, *pagitia* (slackness), is gaining: people have "no time" to read or cook or even to dress decorously while in their offices and workshops they do less and less in quality and quantity for ever larger wages with which to pay larger taxes for services that diminish in quantity and quality."

• **ANGER**, says Poet W. H. Auden, is a perversion "of something in our nature which in itself is innocent, necessary to our existence and good." The kinds of anger Auden finds most sinful are verbal wickedness substituted for physical violence, and the righteous anger often affected by police officials and governments. "Righteous anger can effectively resist and destroy evil, but the more one relies upon it as a source of energy, the less energy and attention one can give to the good which is to replace the evil once it has been removed. That is why, though there may have been some just wars, there has been no just peace."

• **LUST** is a sin that virtually every man knows about, writes Biographer Christopher Sykes, and the very universality of the vice raises the question: Is it so bad after all? On the one hand, Sykes notes, God created the sexual urge, and denial of it often turns Christians into cold-hearted prudish; on the other hand, a number of well-adjusted people do abstain from sex with no psychological harm, and full sexual freedom—judging from Sweden or Japan—does not necessarily lead "to an earthly paradise whose inhabitants lose all cruel impulse and dwell together in peace and bliss." Sykes suggests that churchmen tend to be too harsh in condemning lust, but joins them in condemning the Don Juan: "He seems to me merely the inverse of the flinty-hearted Pharisee: all the mental and moral energy used up in the strenuous play of seduction."

NOV. 1962


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THE PRESS

The Undesired Kiss

Carl Greenberg—he's the only reporter on the *(Los Angeles) Times* that fits this thing, who wrote every word I said. He wrote it fairly. He wrote it objectively. Carl, despite whatever feelings he had, felt that he had an obligation to report the facts as he saw them.

—Richard Milhous Nixon

Thus, in his bitter political swan song California's defeated Republican candidate for Governor lifted to national attention a hitherto obscure political reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. No man desired the distinction less. For all his 35 years at the game, Carl Greenberg, 54, has aspired to be no more than he is: a competent newsman, working diligently at his craft. Nixon's accolade left him in the uncomfortable position of a man who has, for no good reason, been irreparably separated from his peers. "I feel like calling the *Times* and telling them to mail me my paycheck," said Greenberg. "How can I go on working when Nixon has disparaged almost everybody else?"

No Business Judging. Why Nixon did not also disparage Carl Greenberg is perhaps partly explained by Greenberg's approach to political reporting. "He covers politics," says a colleague, "as if it were some sort of crime." Greenberg was, in fact, a police reporter before turning to political coverage, and on the precinct beat he learned a valuable lesson: that a police reporter, like a cop, has no business playing judge. He brought this conviction to the political scene, first for Hearst's *Los Angeles Examiner* and since 1961 for the *Times*. "I feel," says Greenberg, "that even if I hate a man, I have an honest responsibility to my readers to report what he said and did."

Greenberg dutifully reported the derisive sneer of "carpetbagger" that Nixon directed at President Kennedy's invasion of California last March. When Nixon

disavowed his own words, Greenberg pinned them down in a dispassionate story observing that the candidate had used the epithet not only once, but three times.

Not one, but Two. The *Times* assigned two men to cover the gubernatorial campaign—Greenberg and the paper's other political reporter, Richard Bergholz, 44. The two alternated on the trail of Nixon and incumbent Governor Pat Brown. Greenberg's reporting was so neutral that he was met with equal cordiality by both camps.

The distinctions, if any, between Greenberg and Bergholz stories were extremely fine. Greenberg rarely evaluated what he saw and heard, but Bergholz occasionally did. After reporting a Nixon speech on the state's failure to meet its own destiny, Bergholz added that the candidate "didn't say what he would do if he became Governor." The sensitive Nixon camp not only frowned on such embellishments but carefully noted that they never cropped up in Greenberg stories.

Any further explanation of Nixon's curious endorsement of quiet, unobtrusive Carl Greenberg lies not in the Greenberg performance but in the *Times* itself. Until this year, the Republican *Times* had invariably and lopsidedly championed Nixon and every other Republican in sight. But as *Times* President Norman Chandler and his wife followed a campaign that they had both urged Nixon not to enter (they were convinced he would lose), their attitude changed from lukewarm to almost hostile. Their disenchantment with Nixon was translated into the *Times*, which for the first time gave Democrats an even break. Brown rated as much space as Nixon; the paper's political coverage was meticulously impartial.

Having expected strong support, Nixon was deeply wounded by the *Times*'s cool passivity. And to his graceless valedictory to the press, the defeated candidate appended an equally graceless footnote.

Evenings that
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NIXON & REPORTER CARL GREENBERG (FAR LEFT)
He wrote it fairly. He wrote it objectively.

LOS ANGELES TIMES



ABC'S SMITH



ALGER HISS

Thousands of protests for a printing salesman.

Whatever his animus toward the press, Nixon had said, he would never follow the example of John F. Kennedy, who in a fit of pique had canceled his subscription to the anti-Kennedy New York Herald Tribune. Last week longtime Los Angeles Times Subscriber Richard M. Nixon notified the Times to stop delivery to his Beverly Hills home.

Tasteless Post-Mortem

Even a graceful loser must endure the inevitable round of post-mortems conducted by second-guessers who think they know why he lost or how he might have won. Last week it was Loser Dick Nixon's lot to suffer a post-mortem that, for pure tastelessness, rivaled Nixon's own graceless gibe at the press.

Nixon's dissector was Howard K. Smith, 48, a glib liberal who joined ABC last February after being let go by CBS because of his unconquerable tendency to overeditorialize. Smith's scalpel was a hastily assembled, half-hour TV panel discussion entitled "The Political Obituary of Richard M. Nixon" and thrust into prime evening time pre-empted from a Veterans Day tribute called "The Fighting Man."

Smith's show was singularly patchy and mishapen, and might have passed unnoticed save for the identity of one of the panelists: Alger Hiss, who slipped State Department secrets to a Communist spy ring in the 1930s and was later sent to prison for perjury. Nixon, as a fiery young Congressman on the House Un-American Activities Committee, helped bring the Hiss case to light. On the air, Hiss, now a printing salesman, all but accused Nixon of framing him: "He was less interested in developing the facts objectively than in seeking ways of making a preconceived plan appear plausible. I regard his actions as motivated by ambition, by personal self-serving."

Even before the Nixon obituary went on the air, ABC's switchboard lit up with protests; after the show was over, the network received several thousand phone calls and 200 telegrams, most of them objecting to the presence of Hiss. Even

former President Dwight Eisenhower called James Hagerty, ABC vice president and Eisenhower's press secretary for eight years, to express "astonishment."

Against the barrage, hapless Jim Hagerty could only defend the program. "It was," he said, "a fair presentation, giving both sides of a controversy." Commentator Smith professed surprise; he thought the discussion was "a little overbalanced in favor of Dick Nixon," and that Hiss, as one of Nixon's "Six Crises," had every right to appear. At week's end, Dick Nixon, whose mail had ballooned after the show, asked rhetorically, "What does an attack by one convicted perjurer mean when weighed on the scale against the thousands of wires and letters from patriotic Americans?"

In Motion

Newsmen on the move

► **Emmett John Hughes**, 41, is quitting as policy adviser to New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, will become columnist for *Newsweek*. A former TIME chief of correspondents, Hughes turned behind-scenes political strategist and speechwriter for Dwight D. Eisenhower, shifted to Rockefeller in 1960. But in such work, he says, he missed the pleasure of speaking his own mind. He has already written *America the Unvisible*, a tureid criticism of Eisenhower's foreign policy; now he is prepared to take another public swipe at his old boss with a new book, *Eisenhower*.

► **Political Memoir**, to be published next spring. In an excerpt in the current issue of *Look*, Ike emerges as a testy and shallow ex-general, contemptuous of Adlai Stevenson ("that monkey"), dubious of Richard Nixon ("I just haven't honestly been able to believe that he is presidential timber"). Not surprisingly, Hughes is also leaving his former publishers, Doubleday & Co., who happen to be bringing out Eisenhower's memoirs. The new Hughes book will be published by Atheneum Press.

► **Ben Hibbs**, 61, longtime editor of Curtis Publishing Co.'s *Saturday Evening Post*, and Kenneth Stuart, 57, the *Post*'s longtime art editor, are moving to the *Reader's Digest*. Hibbs as a senior editor, Stuart as art director. The shifts are late echoes of Curtis' serious and continuing financial troubles. Last week, Curtis announced the loss of \$15,481,641 for the first nine months of the year.

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© The others: Jerry Voorhis, the California U.S. Congressman whom Nixon defeated in California in 1946; Los Angeles Attorney Marcia Chotiner, who managed Nixon's campaign; U.S. Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan, a longtime Nixon friend.

CINEMA

And The Fish Flew

Mutiny on the Bounty. It was just a drop in the bucket to begin with. On the morning of April 28, 1789, goes one version of the story. Captain William Bligh of *H.M.S. Bounty* refused to give a drink of water to a dying man and his crew staged a mutiny. The incident inspired a trilogy of bestselling novels (1932-34) by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, and a supercolossal saga of the sea (1935) starring Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian and Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh. In 1959, figuring that the public was ready to stretch its sea legs again, M-G-M decided to refloat *The Bounty*. So the wind blew and the fish flew, and by the time M-G-M's weary crew got back from Tahiti it had used up two directors (Carol Reed and Lewis Milestone), a dozen scriptwriters, one year and \$18.5 million.

Is the picture really worth all that? Not really. But for 120 of its 179 minutes, *The Bounty* wallows along at a merry clip and proves splendidly seaworthy. Captain Bligh (Trevor Howard) and Lieutenant Christian (Brando), bound for Tahiti to pick up a cargo of breadfruit seedlings, commence a duel of wills as soon as they put to sea. When the captain gives a seaman 24 cuts of the cat for calling him a thief, the lieutenant reasonably inquires: "If one punishes a man so severely for a minor infraction, what does one do for a serious offense?" When the captain turns the ship unexpectedly, causing a tun of water to crush another seaman, the lieutenant icily lets him know that he is a murderer.

Day by day the captain grows more cruel, day by day the fo'c'sle grows more hungry for revenge. The lieutenant does what he can to mitigate the tension, but only the landfall at Tahiti prevents an explosion. There, while the seamen cultivate breadfruit trees and brown-skinned beauties, the tension relents and even the captain learns to hula. But when the *Bounty* spreads sail for Jamaica, Bligh's brutalities resume. To save water for the bread-

fruit trees, he denies it to the crew. In a rage the lieutenant takes over the ship, sets Bligh and his supporters adrift in an open boat. But then, realizing the ruin he has brought upon himself and all his men, he collapses.

The picture collapses with him. From here out, *The Bounty* wanders through the hoarse platitudes of witless optimism ("The Blighs will lose!")[®] until at last it is swamped with sentimental bilge ("I loved you more than I knew"). Fortunately, there are compensations. Robert Surtees' color photography is handsome, and the two principals are diversely fascinating. As Clark Gable ploddingly played the lieutenant, he was a stout-hearted, simple-minded man's man who refused to live a dog's life. As Brando rather too trickily imagines him, he is a fop to his fingertips but an aristocrat to the core, a man whom *noblesse* obliges to be considerate, even of such as Bligh. As Laughton vaudevilainously depicted the captain, he was a soft little sadist of doubtful sex, the sort of fat boy who pulls wings off flies and grows up to pull limbs off men. As Howard more sympathetically portrays the brute, he is the prototype of the iron man in the wooden ship, the gruff old sea dog whose bite is worse than his bark. But he is also something more significantly vicious than even Laughton imagined. He is a priest of the Bitch Goddess who makes human sacrifices to Success. He is a Puritan on a poopdeck.

Sinister Act

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?

The door opens slowly. Joan Crawford, her eyes bulging as only Joan can bulge them, huddles in her wheelchair helplessly and stares in horror at—good grief, what is it? Its body looks like an outsize Christmas stocking stuffed with oranges, flashlights and toy trucks. Its hair suggests bleached Brillo. Its eyes might be bloodshot golfballs. Its mouth, enlarged by lipstick, looks like a greasy old bow tie that somehow rode up over its chin.

Holy smoke, it's Bette Davis. "I've brawchoo yaw dinnah," she drawls as only Bette can drawl, then smiles like an unsanitary crocodile as she sets a tray on the table. Joan smiles weakly back at her, wheels across to the table, takes the lid off the main dish and—

"EEEEEEEEEEK!"

In the center of the dish lies a big fat juicy roast rat.

Tums, anyone? At this point, indeed, many customers will be tempted to take a powder. But those who can stomach Bette's cooking—on another occasion she serves a salad of unplucked parakeet—will be amply rewarded by the horror of her company. In what may well be the year's scariest, funniest and most sophisticated chiller, she gives a performance



DAVIS & CRAWFORD IN "BABY JANE"
Wonderfully horrible.

that cannot be called great acting but is certainly grand guignol. And Joan effectively plays the bitch to Bette's witch.

Adapted from a novel by Britain's Henry Farrell, *Baby Jane* tells the story of two little monsters and how they grew. The more precocious monster, Baby Jane, is a vaudeville kiddie who at the age of six is almost as famous as Mary Pickford. Spoiled rotten, she treats her parents like dirt and her little sister like a worm. But fame fades and the worm turns. When Jane (Bette) grows up, she becomes a drunk. When sister (Joan) grows up, she becomes a Hollywood star. One night in a fury Joan tries to run Bette down, but the car strikes a stone gate instead, and Joan loses the use of her legs for life. Too drunk to remember what happened, Bette thinks that she herself had been driving the car, and Joan lets her think so. Crushed by guilt, Bette feels bound in conscience to spend the rest of her life tending a cranky and exacting cripple.

After 25 years of servitude, Bette twists her sister's game. The shock, the realization that she has wasted her life, knocks a screw loose. With the cunning of unrestrained convives a hideous revenge. Day by day she tantalizes her sister with sumptuous meals, but after the rat and the parakeet the cripple is afraid to eat. Day by day the victim grows weaker. When she calls for help, Bette rips out the phone. When she crawls downstairs, Bette ties her up and tapes her mouth shut. When she warns the maid, Bette cracks the woman's skull.

Gorgeous gothic stuff, in short, and Director Robert Aldrich knows just when to shock for shock's sake, just when to play his gargoyles for giggles. Under his skillful management, two aging screen queens—both of them are going on 55—give a vigorous and talented answer to a question often asked: What Ever Happened to Joan Crawford and Bette Davis?



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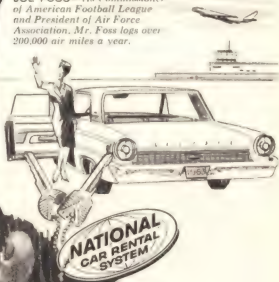
[®]In historical fact, Captain Bligh lost nothing. He was absolved of blame for the mutiny, and later rose to the rank of vice-admiral.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Angier Biddle Duke, 46, impeccable State Department Chief of Protocol, heir to an American Tobacco Co. fortune, who lost his third wife in a plane crash last year, and blonde, bubbly Robyn Chandler Duke, 30, onetime boss of Pepsi-Cola's public relations department; a son; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Irene Gibbons, 60, who as "Irene" clothed some of Hollywood's most celebrated figures both on and off the screen; by her own hand (defenestration); in Hollywood.

Died. Herman Brown, 70, salty founder and president of Brown & Root, Inc., multimillion-dollar-a-year construction firm, and one of the country's wealthiest men, with a personal fortune estimated at \$100 million; of a heart attack; in Houston. Brown & Root's most recent spectacular is a \$30 million Mohole contract to drill into the earth's core, but Brown's greatest source of pride was a 1942 U.S. Navy contract to build and operate a shipyard, deliver a specified number of ships by a specified date. Brown & Root had never built a ship, but the company met its schedule.

Died. Jean-Gabriel Domergue, 73, slick Parisian portraitist of beautiful women, notably Greta Garbo, Michelle Morgan and Lucienne Boyer, whom he glorified in a light and decorative style; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Willis Harold O'Brien, 76, long-time moviemaker who ushered in Hollywood's monster era with his trick photography of dinosaurs and other enormous beasts; of a heart ailment; in Hollywood. O'Brien's monsters were, of course, tiny movable models photographed a few frames at a time, a technique best remembered in his 1933 classic *King Kong*, in which a mammoth ape invaded Manhattan, wound up atop the Empire State Building battling away U.S. fighter planes like so many gnats.

Died. Arthur Vining Davis, 95, terrible-tempered tycoon who ran up a fortune in aluminum and reinvested it in Florida industry, becoming one of the world's wealthiest men, worth an estimated \$350 million; in Miami. With backing from Banker Brothers Andrew and Richard B. Mellon, Davis helped found Aluminum Co. of America in 1907 as the nation's first aluminum producer, became Alcoa president in 1910, board chairman in 1928, and ruling with desk-thumping autocracy, built Alcoa into an industrial giant with assets of \$503 million before retiring from active management in 1948 to start a second career. Buying some 100,000 acres in the Bahamas and Florida, he farmed some of the land, developed the rest, and before long had money coming in from resorts, housing, ice-cream plants, a shipping company and an airline.

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As we gather together...

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An inspector from France's *Guide Michelin*, the famous French restaurant guide, deserts Maxim's for Dinty Moore's and finds American food *très bon*. Favorite recipes (of course!) of Hollywood stars. A fashion round-up of aprons to make housewives look like they're not cooking when they are. A million cook-books! The flavor scientists who are unlocking the mysteries of taste . . .

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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Newer Confidence

What businessmen have to be thankful for this week is a flock of fresh omens that the economy may avoid the much-anticipated recession early in 1963.

Solid corporate profits, the fast breakaway of the 1963 cars, growing prospects for a dollar-green Christmas in the stores—all these have contributed to a shift toward optimism in the business community. The new consensus is that the economy may actually rise a bit in the first

tentions, the Federal Reserve Board found that 4.1% of the families it queried intend to buy new cars in the coming six months, well up from the 3.7% of a year ago. Consumer spending in general is giving strong, if unspectacular, support to the economy. Total retail trade, which leveled off in the late summer, hit a record \$20.1 billion in October. Department-store executives from Manhattan to Los Angeles, who used to wait decently until after Thanksgiving before putting up the Christmas decorations and playing scratchy recorded carols, were shamelessly early this year, and report that holiday shopping is off to an unseasonably brisk start. With projections based on income, credit and savings statistics, Sears, Roebuck Vice President Arthur M. Wood expects that retail sales will rise 3% or more in the first half of 1963.

Two Out of Three. Federal and local spending will also rise next year, by about \$1 billion a quarter. Recent congressional elections helped fan the new optimism among businessmen, who may vote Republican and deplore Government deficits, but are prepared to enjoy the benefits of Democratic spending habits. The economy's weakest point is that businessmen themselves are scarcely in a heavy spending mood. A recent McGraw-Hill survey of planned capital outlays in 1963 found that manufacturers, whose spending has the most impact on the economy, intend to increase their capital investment by only a disappointing 1.3% next year. But capital spending is one of the few negatives. Unemployment, though still disturbingly high, diminished from 5.8% in September to 5.5% in October. And of the 30 "leading indicators," which usually trend ahead of the whole economy, two out of three are pointing up.

Jewel Tea Economist William Tongue sums up the mood: "Where we used to have rumbling pessimism, we now have rumbling optimism." The optimism, however, is restrained: stability rather than boom is the general expectation. And stability, though preferable to a recession, is nothing to cheer about in an economy that has not boomed for five years. Says Swift & Co. Chief Economist Willard Arant: "Economists have fallen into the bad habit of thinking that if we stay even, then we aren't in a recession. But when you don't measure up to a growth trend, you are actually falling back."

CREDIT

The Cry Against G.M.A.C.

Every year, the small auto finance companies that make up the American Finance Conference kick off their annual convention with a blast against their special foe: giant General Motors Acceptance Corp., the sales finance subsidiary of General Motors. They kicked again last week in Washington, and with new fury. Unless G.M.A.C. is quickly curbed, complained Richard Meier, chair-

man of the A.F.C., executive committee, there may soon be no "independents" left. In the past five years, says Meier, the number of independent auto finance companies has shrunk from 322 to 242.

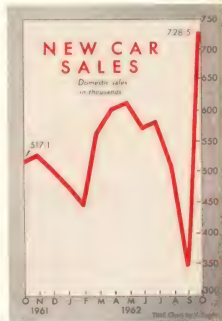
Small finance companies contend that they do not get their fair share of financing of G.M. cars for two reasons: 1) G.M. dealers are under pressure to give their accounts to G.M.A.C., which can 2) charge lower rates than the independents because G.M. uses financing as a loss leader and does not need to show a profit on it. They endorse a bill, introduced unsuccessfully



half of 1963, and at worst will inch down only slightly. On Wall Street, the changed mood was reflected last week in the Dow-Jones industrial average, which rose 14.85 to close at just under 631. The market has risen more than 60 points in the past three weeks.

Music at Cash Registers. Around the country, corporate economists are hedging their earlier predictions of a slump. Said Ford's Henry Ford II: "I don't know of a single businessman who has talked in terms of a recession next year. That kind of talk has come from the economists. But you don't even hear so much of it from them any more." The automakers, of course, have more to cheer about than other businessmen: October's sales of 728,500 U.S.-made cars were the highest for any month in history (and more than 150,000 ahead of the previous high for an October, set in 1955). If the hot pace continues, the auto industry alone—which buys so much steel, copper, glass and rubber—could lead the whole economy upward next year.

There are signs that it may. In its quarterly survey of consumer buying in-



by New York's Democratic Congressman Emanuel Celler in the last two Congresses, to force Ford and General Motors to get rid of their finance subsidiaries.

Pursuit of Profit. Actually, General Motors' share of the car financing market is declining. In the first nine months of this year, G.M.A.C. held only 20% of the total U.S. auto financing market, v. 22% in 1960. Moreover, G.M.A.C. has financed only 35% of the auto sales of G.M. dealers so far this year, v. 42% in 1960.

G.M.A.C. officials hotly deny the "loss leader" charge, point to their hefty \$53 million earnings last year as proof that they are seriously out to make a profit. The Justice Department has never been able to make monopoly charges against G.M.A.C. stick. In 1952, after twelve years of futile efforts to persuade the courts to order General Motors to divest itself of G.M.A.C., the trustbusters had to settle for a consent decree under which G.M. promised not to force its dealers to use G.M.A.C. financing.

Friendly Bankers. Despite G.M.'s disclaimers, it is hardly a coincidence that the world's largest auto financing com-



ALBERT FERN



BON WIT TELLER



GUY GILLETTE—FORTUNE

GENESCO'S FORMFIT RECEPTION CENTER; BONWIT TELLER; JARMAN TESTING FOOT MASSAGE
The psychologists said he was bound to fail.

pany is owned by the world's largest auto manufacturer. But the real competition of the small auto finance companies is from commercial bankers rather than G.M.A.C. Bankers once scorned auto loans, but since 1955 have increased their share of the car financing market from 19.5% to 49%. It takes a large finance company to be able to raise capital cheaply enough to lend it out at rates competitive with those the banks can offer. As a result, many small companies have been absorbed in mergers. A.F.C.'s Meier concedes that his own Interstate Finance Corp. of Evansville, Ind., has "taken in from 25 to 50 companies by merger" since it started 42 years ago. And even though the independents' share of car financing has dropped from 39% to 17% since 1955, they are really not doing so badly: in the same period, their total loans outstanding have risen 35% to \$7.3 billion, because they have diversified into personal loans and into financing sales of trailers, boats and farm machinery.

CORPORATIONS

The Impatient Shoemaker

When a well-heeled Manhattanite who knows her high fashion goes shopping for footwear, she might choose between three of New York's fanciest shoe salons—I. Miller, Henri Bendel, and the Delman Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. What she probably does not know is that all three are operated by the same manufacturing and retailing giant—Genesco, Inc., of Nashville, Tenn.

Starting out as just one of the South's many shoemakers, Genesco has grown pell-mell since 1938 by buying up 46 companies. Today it operates 60 factories in 17 states, manufactures 51 brands of shoes from Flagg Bros. to Mannequin, makes Griffin men's clothes and Formfit girdles, and sells its wares through 1,500 Genesco-owned retail stores, including the Bonwit Teller chain. From its sprawling empire, Genesco last year drew profits of \$8,900,000 on sales of \$443 million.

A Purpose. Genesco was stitched together by Chairman Walton Maxey Jarman, 58, an introspective Baptist deacon

whose favorite pastime is rereading the works of Thomas Mann. Impatient with the faults of others, Jarman also harbors a nagging concern that he may not understand himself, once took a battery of company psychological tests under an assumed name. The psychologists' verdict: Jarman was too shy and self-conscious ever to deal successfully with people, and would be a failure in management.

Through much of his business life, Jarman has moved with a single-minded purpose—to build a company that could clothe men, women and children from head to toe, and become the General Motors of the apparel industry.

He went to M.I.T. determined to become an electrical engineer, but quit after his junior year to join a men's shoe company that his father had launched. By 1932 he was president of the company, and shortly afterward began branching out into women's and children's shoes. When shoe manufacturing failed to share in the boom of the 1950s, he started looking for more promising enterprises, moved into lingerie, sleepwear, knitwear and retailing.

Basic to Jarman's plan was integration of the new companies to provide the economies of size and to put him in closer touch with changing consumer tastes. Today Genesco relies heavily on its retail outlets to alert its manufacturing divisions to new buying trends. The company's divisions also keep in close touch, and a successful new shoe design by the high-priced Johnston & Murphy line can be quickly copied by Genesco's lower-priced lines. Nonetheless, Jarman insists that each division retain its own distinctive personality, and that division managers have wide autonomy. Says one Wall Streeter: "Genesco gives a lot of leeway to the divisions, and Maxey runs around ready to throw the book at them if they don't perform." Echoes a Genesco vice president: "He gives you enough rope not only to hang yourself but everyone else as well."

And Still Poised. Despite its rapid growth, Genesco is a long way from Maxey Jarman's goal. It still does not make women's or children's coats, suits and

dress. Moreover, though total profits have increased 66% since 1955, per-share earnings have tailed off from \$2.31 to \$2.14—partly because Genesco issued new stock to acquire many of its subsidiaries.

Genesco is currently lumping three of its retail men's-apparel chains into one overhead-cutting group, and Jarman predicts that per-share earnings will be up 50% to 75% within seven years. He insists that he plans to hold down new acquisitions for a while, but in the next breath admits that he would like to make a deal with a good manufacturer of work and play clothes. At Genesco's annual meeting next month he will ask his stockholders to approve a plan to double the company's authorized common shares to 10 million, and to issue 300,000 new shares of convertible preferred—a move that, among other things, will give Maxey Jarman a lot more stock with which to swing still more acquisitions.

COMPETITION

Beastly Blades

Perhaps not since the first postwar Volkswagen gunned into view has there been such a word-of-mouth consumer success as the Wilkinson Super Sword-Edge razor blade. When it was first introduced in Britain by the stodgy, 100-year-old Wilkinson Sword Ltd. (sword cutlery by appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II), the Super Sword immediately took over 10% of the British blade market. Men who normally scraped through three shaves with the best blade available found they got more than ten with a Super Sword. Its fame spread to the Continent, then to the U.S.; supplies ran short, and now it is practically impossible to find Super Swords in stock anywhere.

Super Swords shave so smoothly because Wilkinson turned a trick that most cutlery makers thought impossible: it managed to put a really keen, lasting edge on stainless steel. But to slow-moving Wilkinson the runaway success of its blades was just a beastly bother, and it refused to move quickly to step up production to meet demand. In fact, Wilkinson's bosses make little secret of the fact

THREE MILF 4-MINUTE PIPER COMANCHE LANING AT NORMAN KEY IN THE BAHAMAS. TWIN ENGINE PIPER 427C IN FOREGROUND CARRIES SIX. CRUISES OVER 200 MPH



Guess Why Piper Owners Like This Time of Year Best

Check the desk or briefcase of a Piper owner this time of year and you'll probably find a clutter of charts leading to Florida, the Caribbean, Mexico, the warm Southwest. Piper owners share a sunny discovery—the same airplane that saves them time, money and frustration in day-to-day business travel also happens to fly especially well in a southerly direction when snow begins to fly.

One easy day of Piper flying covers more miles than two or three days of hard driving. When you run out of land, your Piper doesn't even know the difference—just keeps purring along until the exotic island of your choice looms up ahead. Expensive? Answer that this way. The total fuel bill for a Piper carrying four people will be less than air fare to the same place for *one* person.

And you come and go as you please...when you please. That's why so many firms buy Pipers in the first place. Piper owners and their guests are relaxing on the beach while their timetable-tangled friends fret over re-confirmation, no space, or excess baggage problems.

If you don't already have your own Piper island-hopper, don't despair. Cotton up to a Piper-owning friend. You won't have to look far—so many people are flying these days—and he just may have a couple of comfortable southbound Piper seats open.

Better still—talk to your friendly Piper dealer right now. Let him show you (1) how easy it is to fly; (2) how useful flying can be for your business; (3) how there's a Piper just suited to your needs—priced as low as \$5495. (Convenient lease and finance plans, too).

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ROCK SOUND ON ELEUTHERA—TYPICAL BAHAMA GULF ISLAND SO EASILY REACHED BY PIPER

PIPER

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Lock Haven, Pa. (Main Offices)
Vero Beach, Fla.



MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS
THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD

that their primary interest is in promoting the steady sales of their high-priced garden tools—among them, the three-edged "swoc" (sword-hoe), which Wilkinson considers the first improvement on the hoe in 2,000 years. They bypassed U.S. drugstores with their blades and gave them to hardware dealers who tried to lure garden-tool customers by offering them Super Swords as well.

Last week Boston's Gillette Co., the king of razor blade makers, recognized that it could no longer ignore Wilkinson's threat to its markets—no matter how reluctant a threat it might be. Before many months, announced Gillette Chairman Carl J. Gilbert, Gillette will introduce a stainless steel razor blade of its own. Gilbert, too, seemed to regard the new blade as a bit of a bother that would do little to help Gillette earnings. "As we see it now," says he, "the real significance lies in the direction of increased customer satisfaction with our products."

INDUSTRY

Living with Giants

Most small U.S. companies live with the uneasy knowledge that at any moment their traditional markets may be snatched away by an advanced new product developed in the research laboratories of some corporate giant. Ten years ago this nightmare came true for Brooklyn's Old Town Corp. A modestly successful manufacturer of carbon paper, typewriter ribbons and duplicating products, Old Town suddenly found its bigger competitors selling radically improved typewriter ribbons and speedy office photocopy machines that sharply reduced the demand for carbon paper. Helplessly the firm watched its business slip, until in 1960 it lost \$289,000 on sales of \$5,100,000.

Old Town is now clambering back onto its feet. Early this month, Italy's Olivetti signed up to produce and market interna-

tionally a photocopying machine that Old Town developed. For 1962 the company expects profits of \$100,000 on sales of \$6,000,000, and by 1965 it anticipates sales of \$15 million.

Call for Help. Old Town's turnaround began three years ago, when Chairman James H. McGraw Jr., 60,* installed his son James III, 34, as president and brought in as general manager, Marshall Mazer, 41, an ace operating man who had previously headed National Cash Register's research planning board. After analyzing Old Town's cost and price structure, Mazer dropped many money-losing special-order products, raised prices on others enough to bring a profit. "Small companies," says he, "so often don't even know what their products cost them."

Next, Mazer set up a 17-man research and development staff that in two years turned out 15 new products, ranging from tough plastic and nylon typewriter ribbons to photocopy paper for use in the machines of rival manufacturers. To cut the time lag between idea and product, Old Town's research staff unabashedly called on the extensive laboratories of their big supplier companies for help. "A lot of small companies are afraid the big companies will steal their ideas," notes Mazer, "but actually they are very willing to help." Riegel Paper helped work out development problems on Old Town's photocopy papers, and the machine that Olivetti will make is based on an electrostatic copying method perfected by RCA.

Stay-at-Homes. Unlike most small companies, Old Town has taken full advantage of the export aid program of the Department of Commerce. At Old Town's request, U.S. Government representatives abroad have searched for foreign firms interested in manufacturing Old Town products under license. So far, in addition to Olivetti, Old Town has concluded, or is negotiating, licensing arrangements in Mexico, Australia, Colombia, the Philippines, Costa Rica, Canada and The Netherlands. These arrangements are so profitable that although Old Town's export sales this year will amount to only \$500,000, they will account for half the company's profits—and it has all been done without a single Old Town executive leaving the U.S. to drum up business.

REAL ESTATE

The Restraining Hand

In return for the \$43.7 million that they pumped last year into the real estate empire of Manhattan's William Zeckendorf, 57, his new British partners extracted one condition: "From now on, anything we don't like won't happen." In response, aggressive Bill Zeckendorf, who had been keeping in fighting trim by agilely staying one step ahead of his creditors, earnestly promised to indulge in "less shooting from the hip." Longtime students of the Zeckendorf saga wondered just how long Bill Zeckendorf could stay



DEVELOPER ZECKENDORF
Hooked on financial solidity.

away from grandiose real estate projects.

His restraint has confounded them. Instead of trying to lure his partners into big, risky new realty enterprises, Zeckendorf has manfully sold one property after another to acquire new working capital. Last week he spun off five urban redevelopment projects in Manhattan, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh to Alcoa Urban Development Corp., a newly formed subsidiary of mighty Aluminum Co. of America, which wants to do a little diversifying in a way that will also promote the use of aluminum construction. Alcoa gave Zeckendorf Property Corp. (an equal partnership between the British consortium and Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp Inc.) \$10 million in cash, a 90% interest in Alcoa Urban Development Corp., and a note for \$25.6 million payable within eleven years.

Later in the week, Zeckendorf retrenched still more, sold off one-third of Manhattan's Savoy Hilton Hotel (which he owns, but which is managed by Hilton) to London Merchant Securities, Ltd., a British investment trust. He has also agreed to sell 850 acres of development land in California.

Behind all this retrenchment, the restraining hand of the British is visible. Says Henry R. Moore, vice chairman of London's Second Covent Garden Property Co., a director of Britain's Philip Hill group, and the Englishman in charge of keeping watch on Zeckendorf: "The program is to spend the next three to five years developing the property we now have. We have absolutely no intention of making any further purchases." Zeckendorf says he feels the same way. With the British holding a veto in Zeckendorf Property, he could hardly say otherwise. Besides, after all those years of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, Bill Zeckendorf seems to find financial solidity a satisfying new condition.



MAZER & JAMES MCGRAW III
Broadened without travel.

* Who bought control of Old Town after he resigned in 1950 as chairman of McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., which his father founded.



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WORLD BUSINESS

THE WORLD ECONOMY Big Winners

From the United Nations last week came the heartening report that despite the ravages of World War II, the industrial production of the free world has nearly tripled since 1938. The actual increase for the 25 years is a whopping 105%.

Because they started out from a comparatively small industrial base, the less developed countries naturally show the biggest percentage gains in output. Paced by Japan, whose output has climbed 300%, Asia has nearly quadrupled its mining and manufacturing production since 1938. Latin America has increased its production by 224%.

Yet, to some extent, Asia and Latin America have been running as fast as they can to stand still. Despite their impressive growth rates, neither area has significantly increased its share of the world's expanding industrial production. Asia today accounts for only 7.9% of total free world output v. 7.4% in 1938, and Latin America only 4% v. 3.9% in 1938. Meantime the U.S. and Canada have increased their share from 30% in 1938 to 47% last year—a gain which was made primarily at the expense of the Western European nations in the debilitated years immediately after World War II.

Western Europe's postwar catch-up shows in the more recent figures. In the past ten years, Western Europe's share of free world industrial output has risen from 32% to 36%.

WEST GERMANY

Tarnished Miracle

A team of Common Market economists finally said out loud last week what European businessmen have been whispering about for some time: the once wondrous West German economy is fast slipping

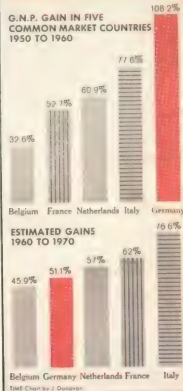
toward the bottom of the class in the Common Market Six.

The report was prepared by a team headed by respected French Economist Pierre Uri. It predicted that over the next decade West Germany's gross national product will grow more slowly than that of any other major Common Market nation save Belgium (whose economy is only one-fifth as big as West Germany's). By 1970, said the Uri group, the average French worker will be producing \$4,608 worth of goods and services a year v. \$3,005 for the average German.

More Pay, Fewer Hours. Behind the slowdown in German growth lie severe shortages of two vital economic ingredients: manpower and money. In a nation where World War II wiped out much of a generation, there are now 562,000 job openings and barely 100,000 unemployed. Capitalizing on this, Germany's long-dormant labor unions last year pressured wages and fringe benefits up 13.6% to \$1.20 an hour, the highest in the Common Market; simultaneously, they pushed the average work week down to 41.3 hours, lowest in the Market. German executives, who once boasted of their nation's Spartan industriousness, now complain that many Germans do not work as hard as the 700,00 Spaniards, Greeks and Italians who have been imported to work in Germany. One piece of supporting evidence since sick pay was introduced by law in 1954, the rate of absenteeism for "illness" has jumped from 4.1% to 6.7%, and among presumably more robust younger workers, it runs a shocking 9%.

The wage spiral has pushed up Germany's export prices. So did last year's revaluation of the Deutsche mark, which made it 5% more expensive for foreigners to buy German goods and 5% cheaper for Germans to buy foreign goods. As a result, German imports have risen 12% in 1962, while exports have leveled off. In the first half of this year, West Germany

Slowdown in Germany



ran a payments deficit of \$92.5 million.

That deficit would have been even greater had German exporters not pared their prices to the bone. Ruhr steelmakers have managed to hold their export customers only by charging lower prices outside the Common Market than within it. In Hamburg, the slumping shipyards glumly accept orders at below-cost prices rather than close down altogether.

Shaky Foundations. The decline in profit margins is especially painful because West Germany is woefully short of money for capital investment. In the booming postwar years, German companies financed most of their pell-mell expansion out of retained earnings. This year, with earnings leaner, German industry will not have so much to plow back into capital investment.

By using so much of their past earnings for current expansion, many German firms have also left themselves with dangerously small capital reserves. Undercapitalization caused the recent downfall of Shipbuilding Tycoon Willy Schlieker. Heinz Nordhoff, the boss of mighty Volkswagen, thinks his company's reserves of less than \$150 million are too small for a company with annual sales of more than \$1.3 billion. To carry out adequate expansion and modernization programs, German industry as a whole needs an estimated \$7.5 billion that it does not have.

One obvious solution would be to raise the capital through stock offerings. But with German stock markets currently off 47% from their 1960 peaks, new issues



ON THE JOB IN A GERMAN MACHINERY PLANT
When the Spartans get lozy.

so far this year have raised less than half (\$360 million) of the amount they brought in during the same period of 1961. And no matter how strapped they are, German companies are reluctant to turn to their bankers for money, because short-term credit in Germany costs 8% and bankers often demand a voice in the management of companies that borrow. Rather than entrust their fortunes to bearish markets or intruding bankers, many German companies have chosen to throttle down on expansion. The Saar steel industry has slashed capital spending by 50% this year, is currently investing in expansion and modernization only 44% as much as its competitors in the neighboring French province of Lorraine.

Lift from Consumers. But while German export and capital-goods markets are suffering, consumer industries continue to expand briskly, largely because Germany's long-underpaid workers at last have some folding money. With this year's production of autos up 11% and appliances up 8%, no one much fears that Germany will become the sick man of Europe. The new prognosis for Germany is orderly growth at a rate of slightly more than 4% a year—a prospect that many nations might envy, but that hardly seems exciting enough to a nation accustomed to an economic miracle.

ASIA

Japan's Rising Suntory

Since the Caesars, conquering armies have left their marks behind: Roman baths in Britain, Moorish palaces in Spain, whisky in Japan. Last year Japanese distilleries produced 9,000,000 gallons of whisky—two-thirds of which flowed from Kotobukiya, the country's oldest and largest distiller. Kotobukiya's prestige brew is "Old Suntory," a light, Scotch-type whisky that derives its musky flavor partly from imported Scottish peat and partly from Japanese water purified by filtering through lava beds. Old Suntory is palatable enough that Kotobukiya now exports it to 20 countries. But, says President Keizo Saji, 43, "our main market will always be Japan. We are aiming at our own people to become somewhat of an institution."

Gold in the Hills. In sake-sipping Japan, that takes some doing. Saji's father started the company in 1923 because he felt Japan should make its own whisky. Though he hired a Glasgow-trained Japanese chemist and traveled endlessly trying to convince bartenders to stock Old Suntory, the company was still in the red when World War II ended. Fortunately, it had a huge amount of unsold whisky stocked in the hills near Kyoto.

Came the G.I.s. When they wanted something stronger than beer, Kotobukiya was waiting for them. Soon the Japanese, emulating their conquerors, began to say *kanpai* (cheers) over Scotch and soda. Out flowed 86-proof Old Suntory, now \$4.50 a fifth. For undemanding palates, Kotobukiya also puts out 74-proof Torsys, a throat burner that sells for \$5.50 a near fifth (21.6 fluid oz.). Last year Koto-



SAJI WITH BUST OF FATHER
Genuine, Japanese Scotch-type whisky.

bukiya Ltd. bottled 6,000,000 gallons of Suntory and Torsys, had profits of \$5.5 million on sales of \$66 million. This year it expects a gross of \$75 million.

Snob Appeal. The only likely impediment to Kotobukiya's steady growth is Japan's plan to reduce tariffs on a wide range of manufactured goods, including whisky, in the near future. Imported whiskies, which now command \$11 a fifth in Japan, may then sell for as little as \$6—which, given the snob appeal that foreign products enjoy in Japan, will make them closely competitive with Suntory. Preparing for that day, President Saji has launched a major advertising campaign, sponsoring such made-in-Hollywood TV shows as *77 Sunset Strip*. The campaign sells prestige and national pride. One newspaper ad shows a Japanese man-of-distinction relaxing in his kimono and clutching a beaker of Old Suntory.

The north wind singing outdoors.

Fire in the stove.

Chopin on the hi-fi.



SAVINGS & LOAN DRAWING IN BUENOS AIRES
Only borrowers can play.

*I sit deeply back and enter into dreamy relaxation with.
Of course,
A glass of Suntory,
The greatest Japanese whisky.*

LATIN AMERICA

Win-a-Loan Lottery

Like most Latins, Argentines love a lottery. Latest to capitalize on this weakness are Argentina's 100-odd savings and loan societies, each of which now holds a monthly drawing that generates almost as much excitement as the national lottery. The prize: the right to borrow money to buy a house.

For Argentines this is a prize indeed. Housing in Argentina is so short that unpretentious apartments rent for \$300 a month, after "key money" of at least \$1,000. And between galloping inflation and the fact that moneyed Argentines prefer to invest overseas in safer climes, mortgage credit is scarce and costly. Loan sharks charge up to 45% interest, and most banks have a five-year waiting list of would-be borrowers of mortgage money.

To ease the mortgage market, savings and loan societies have grown up in the past two years. Unlike those in the U.S., the Argentine S & Ls accept deposits only from prospective borrowers. Each depositor makes monthly payments of from \$15 to \$60 toward a future mortgage loan of up to \$18,000, then waits an average of three years to get it, at 12% to 14% interest (current mortgage rates in the U.S.: about 6%). Since the wait is pretty discouraging, the societies have tried to help a few, and stir up the curiosity of all, by means of a lottery.

Every month the S & Ls set aside 20% of their lendable funds for lottery loans. Each subscriber gets a number, which is jotted on a ball that is dropped into a spinning cage. At the tense monthly draws about 150 lucky depositors win the right to jump the queues and borrow immediately for the houses of their dreams. So popular are the lotteries that of the 200,000 middle-income Argentine families still looking for homes, 40,000 have signed up with the savings and loan societies.

BOOKS

Pox Britannica

ANATOMY OF BRITAIN (662 pp.)—Anthony Sampson—Harper & Row (\$6.95).

In the 19th century, when Britannia ruled the waves, its *terra firma* was unquestionably governed by the ruling classes. Though Britain today is a comparatively egalitarian society, most Englishmen are convinced that the country is still run by the Establishment, a tight little coterie of Top People who, by most definitions, include the leaders of the Tory party, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the editor of the Times, a scattering of Oxbridge dons, industrialists, financial mandarins, senior civil servants and a few fashionable hostesses.

British Journalist Anthony Sampson returned home in 1955 after four years in not-so-dark Africa and soon became convinced that the Establishment was to blame for his country's slow, erratic reactions to its new place in the postwar world. He set forth on a close, hardheaded examination of what he calls "the legs, arms, main bloodstream and metabolism" of the traditions and institutions that collectively control the life of Britain.

The Greater Nightmare. He concludes from his investigation that *The Thing*, as William Cobbett called the 19th century Establishment, is no longer a cozy, close-knit power elite; it has fragmented into "a cluster of interlocking circles, touching others only at one edge; they are not a single Establishment but a ring of Establishments." By contrast with the Victorians, Britain's present-day Pooh-Bahs do not aspire to know "what is best for the people," or conspire to run the country, from whose overall interests they are increasingly insulated. "This," argues Sampson "surely is the greater nightmare of a democracy—not that the government is full of sinister and all-powerful *éminences grises*, but that the will of the people dissolves in committees, with thousands of men muttering about their duty to 'those whom we serve.'"

The real Establishment, he suggests, is not one of people, but of things: the unwieldy Victorian inventions, from the railways to the political parties, that contemporary Britain accepts as unchangeable. As Deputy Prime Minister "Rab" Butler said of the civil service: "You know it's the best machine in the world, but you're not quite sure what to do with it." Thus modern Britain's needs are often widely at odds with its resources, a gap that is most glaringly evident in its educational system, which produces only 1,780 university students per million citizens—roughly Turkey's rate—v. 16,670 in the U.S. At that, the social chasm between the elite undergraduates of quasi-aristocratic Oxbridge and the more numerous plebeians who attend the provincial redbrick universities is such, in the words of Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, former director of the London School of Economics, that "four-fifths of our



ANTHONY SAMPSON
With a wry eye on *The Thing*.

undergraduates feel inferior for life." This snobbishness Sampson wryly labels the Pox Britannica.

SOB I. Britain's tendency to enshrine anachronisms—often with the cheerful alibi, "It may seem odd, but it works"—dangerously widens the gap between the efficient, forward-looking elements of society and what Sampson terms the "isolated and what amateur world" that dreads and resists change. Government officials take it as a cardinal rule that

"nothing should ever be done for the first time." Businessmen, in the words of Imperial Chemical Industries' go-getting Chairman Paul Chambers, have a "sentimental softness for inefficiency."

Britain's malaise, says Sampson, is what Nikita Khrushchev (or one of his speechwriters) once termed "the decay of over-ridding purpose." The Victorians, Sampson points out, "were pushed forward by a profound belief in progress and the imperial mission." Today Britain's rulers "have become dangerously out of touch with the public, insensitive to change, and wrapped up in their private rituals."

With a lively eye for their tribal rites, Anthony Sampson ranges sportively from TV tycoons to the Bishop of Birmingham, whose license plates are inscribed SOB 1,* and on to the Queen, whose ancestors, he notes, include a pubkeeper and a plumber. He writes with wit and erudition of the "Old Freddie" who rule the City and the new real estate plutocrats who own it, the "medieval islands" of the universities, the House of Commons, which Judge Sir James Cassels defines as "six hundred men all thinking a great deal of themselves and very little of each other."

The most hopeful portent, Sampson believes, is Britain's bid for membership in the European Common Market; ultimately, the Establishment may even boast a few old Sorbonne ties. Otherwise, as Editor Walter Bagehot warned a century ago, the British "may at last fail from not comprehending the great institutions they have created."

The Man for the Job

THE CAPE COD LIGHTER (425 pp.)—John O'Hara—Random House (\$5.95).

Among the many shortcomings of literary life in the U.S. is its lack of a mean old man. There are plenty of lovable old men—Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Henry Miller—but no old curmudgeon who clubs young reporters with a tongue like a blackthorn stick and sends them scurrying back to their editors filled with terror and fine quotes. It is a grievous lack. Almost every other part of U.S. society has had such a man: the House of Representatives had its Uncle Joe Cannon, the tobacco industry its George Washington Hill, labor its John L. Lewis and baseball its Ted Williams.

Fortunately the vacancy seems certain to be filled. The applicant is John O'Hara, who already qualifies in every particular except age. He is a vigorous 57, and will have to marinate a few years longer to achieve the full grandeur of his office. Otherwise his credentials are excellent. He wears tweeds, has been photographed in the company of an impressively ugly walking stick, and lays his tongue smartly across the backs of chairs.

"I Can Guess." O'Hara does his best churl thrashing in his prefaces. The churls denounced in the introduction to the author's *Five Plays* (TIME, Aug. 15, 1961) were, naturally enough, the producers and directors who conspired to keep the plays



JOHN O'HARA
With a flailing tongue for churls.

* "No significance," says the Bishop's secretary.

off Broadway. But O'Hara's customary target is, of course, the book reviewer. His attitude toward reviewers is, more or less, that he has spent 40 years learning how to write, and that if they do not approve of the results, they should feel perfectly free to go down themselves.

The preface to *The Cape Cod Lighter*,[®] his latest collection of short stories, is O'Hara's best yet. He explains the "spiteful vindictiveness" of reviewers for *TIME* and the weekly reviews by saying that they are all failed novelists. The great man adds loftily: "I never see the little magazines, so I don't know what the hell goes on there, but I can guess."

Vacant Depths. What of the book that follows? The stories are among O'Hara's best. If there is nothing very new, neither is there anything repetitive, a testament to the ingenuity with which O'Hara mines the invented earth of Gibbsville, Pa., and the ugly towns of eastern New Jersey. As usual, the social range of his characters—from the carriage trade to tradesmen who sell carriages—is wider than their moral range, which is the few degrees between halfway-decent and not-very-nice.

Also as usual, O'Hara appears not to see deeply into the characters whose surface he describes so well. This may be deceptive. It can be argued that he has caught their souls' likenesses well, that in their depths there is just not much to be seen.

The collection's best charting of vacant depths, perhaps, is a novella called *Pat Collins*. Like the author's brief, bitter novel, *Appointment in Samarra*, it follows the decline and fall of a Gibbsville auto dealer. Some readers may find it better than *Samarra*, and that is saying a lot. In fact, if John O'Hara were not so good at writing prefaces, it might be hoped that he would continue to devote himself to short stories.

Reaching for the Moon

PARADISE RECLAIMED (253 pp.)—*Hall-dor Laxness*—Crowell (\$4.50).

Much of Icelandic Halldor Laxness' life has been a search for an earthly paradise. He has sought it in a monastery in Luxembourg, among surrealists in Paris, in the Communist Party. His novels have faithfully reflected the current state of his search. *Independent People*, for instance, which won him the 1955 Nobel Prize, deals with Icelandic freeholders battling capitalist landowners. In his latest novel, *Laxness*, now 60, takes a tranquil, detached look at man's age-old quest for paradise and in delicately laced, gently ironic prose shows how elusive paradise is.

Two Straws. Steinar of Hlidar, a typical Laxness peasant-hero, grows restive with life on his small farm, where he works on a stone wall begun by his great-grandfather and regales his children with fairy tales. He longs for spiritual

[®] The title will seem wholly enigmatic to readers who do not know that a Cape Cod lighter is a kerosene-soaked brick, convenient for starting fires in living room fireplaces. Readers who know this may be puzzled anyway.

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
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challenge. A Mormon missionary, one of many who came to Iceland in the late 19th century, provides it. The missionary urges him to seek a paradise on the "other side of the moon" in Utah, where great principles are lived out in hardship and suffering: "You must renounce home and family and possessions. That is how to be a Mormon. You must lead your young and rose-cheeked sweetheart out into the wilderness. One day she sinks to the ground of hunger and thirst, and dies. You dig a grave with your hands and bury her in the sand and put up a cross of two straws that blow away at once. That is how to be a Mormon."

Steinar has no rose-cheeked sweetheart, but he is inspired to leave wife and two children and go to Salt Lake City. In a wonderfully evocative picture of the early Mormons, as sympathetic as it is ironic, Laxness shows a stern community of God adjusting to the weaknesses of man. Proud of the civilization they have wrested from the desert, the Mormons consider their material possessions a sign of God's favor. "The cosmic wisdom that lives in the words of the Prophets and the deeds of Brigham Young," lectures a Mormon, "does not manifest itself exclusively in enormous truths which can only be contained in the brains of university professors; no, it lives also in the sewing machines of people who yesterday had correct thoughts, certainly, but no shirt." Laxness' Mormon men take sly pride in the number of wives they accumulate; their justifications of polygamy are delightfully specious: "Woman's salvation consists in having a righteous husband, and there can never be too many women sharing in such a man."

Price of Boots. Steinar sends for his family to join him in paradise. His son first discovers an interest in Mormonism when he notices the fine pair of boots a bishop is wearing. Neatly mixing materialism with religion, the bishop makes his convert: "No Lutheran could obtain a pair of boots like these, my lad," he says. "These shoes are a proof that the Church of the Latter-day Saints is founded on the All-Wisdom. These shoes have been a much stronger argument for me in arguments with Lutherans than any quotations from the Prophets."

Steinar has, in effect, exchanged one complacent society for another—and utopia has escaped him. He returns to his farm in Iceland and, laying aside his Mormon literature, starts to rebuild the crumbling wall. Every paradise is betrayed by human frailty. Laxness seems to say—and not such a bad thing, either.

The Schwindelkopf

ITALIAN JOURNEY [508 pp.], J. W. Goethe, translated by W. H. Auden and Elizabeth Mayer—Pantheon (\$25).

By the time he was 25, he had written the most successful novel in Europe's history. *The Sorrows of Werther*, and his suicidal young hero set off an emulatory wave of youthful self-destruction from

Vienna to Paris. By the time he was 30, he was all but running a small state. Long before his death in 1832, at the age of 83, he had become a one-man European cultural institution. Today Johann Wolfgang Goethe still is ranked with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare as one of the four great writers of all time. But in Britain and the U.S. he is also one of the most widely unread. The difficulty lies not only in Goethe himself, but in his translators; awed by the intricacy of Goethe's thought, and incapable of reproducing his felicities, they have often seemed to make the translation seem more ponderously German than the original.

A longtime Goethe fan, Poet W. H. Auden is neither awed nor incapable. In



GOETHE AS TOURIST
Observed, at last, without awe.

attempts to make the formidable German more accessible. Auden and his collaborator, Elizabeth Mayer, have bypassed the nacreous brilliance of Goethe's complex imagery and the *Glühwein* dark of such things as *Faust, Part II*. Instead they settled on Goethe's prose journal of his 20-month trip to Italy in 1786. Ostensibly, the book is a readable travelogue in the "dawn found us at the Apennines" tradition. But it is also an account of the most decisive period of Goethe's life, when his thought took final shape.

Spins & Raves. Despite his position as resident brain-truster for the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Goethe was still a deeply disordered man. He had recovered from a near nervous breakdown, apparently brought on by an early wallow in romantic agonizing in which he alternately "melted and raved" like his hero Werther. The routine of official duties had steadied him. He had studied science and accepted the soothing ministrations (thought to be platonic) of an older woman named Charlotte von Stein. But she had encouraged him to write only fanciful verse

that had nothing to do with life or the natural world he was exploring in his scientific studies. He had started dozens of other manuscripts, and seemed unable to finish many of them satisfactorily. He was what the Germans call a *Schwindelkopf* (spinning head), hopelessly shifting from one thing to another. Abruptly, one day in 1786, he left for Italy with hardly a word of explanation. The trip was a sharp break with Charlotte. More than that, it was the quest of a confused northern Germanic soul for the sunshine of classic order.

"Spiky Little Towers." Goethe at first chats away like any tourist. There is no outhouse at one inn. The ruins of Herculaneum are a mess, and should have been "excavated methodically by German miners instead of being casually ransacked as if by brigands." He relates a meeting with Emily Hart, the 22-year-old protégée of Quinquagenarian Sir William Hamilton, then English ambassador to Naples. Emily, who later became Lady Hamilton, and still later helped Nelson win the Battle of Trafalgar, used to sashay around her villa swathed in clinging Greek robes. "Our fair entertainer seems to me, frankly, a dull creature," Goethe reports, adding judicially, "Perhaps her figure makes up for it."

But as the book progresses, Goethe manages to convey the infectious zeal of a universal thinker hell-bent on storing up enough images, memories and ideas for a lifetime. He scribbles away with new energy on half a dozen plays and operettas, and plunges into the study of Greco-Roman art and sculpture. "How different all this is from our Gothic style . . . our pillars which look like tobacco pipes, our spiky little towers . . . Thank God I am done with all that junk." Eventually this feverish emotional spinning steadies to serenity. Goethe has discovered the heartsalms of a unifying theory. "Masterpieces of man were brought forth," he declares, "in obedience to the same laws as the masterpieces of Nature."

It had a fine Teutonic ring. Returning to Weimar, Goethe elaborated it into a kind of all-purpose organic principle: all things are subordinated to and participate in a perceivable cosmic order that he called "form." There was form in life, in art, in writing, in society, in man himself. Goethe began to apply this sense of pattern and purpose in all directions. In science he produced a theory of plant evolution which predated Darwin's. Incomplete works which he had started before the Italian trip, clusters of poems, plays like *Iphigenie* and *Wilhelm Meister*, now took permanent shape in his mind and on paper. So, slowly, did *Faust*, the massive play-poem that attempts to recreate the entire spiritual history of Western man. Along with all this, Goethe, unhappily, became one of the world's great bore—pouring forth upon the German people such a mass of didactic dogma on everything from political theory to women's corsets that for nearly a century hardly anybody dared to clear his throat without first finding pithy precedent in Goethe.

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